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*C. P. Barry del.*

*J. Fisher sculp.*

*Published in May 1796, for C. Dilly, in the Strand, by the rest of the Proprietors.*



*Willow*

MILTON'S  
PARADISE REGAINED;

WITH  
*SELECT NOTES SUBJOINED:*

TO WHICH IS ADDED  
A COMPLETE COLLECTION  
OF HIS  
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,  
BOTH  
*ENGLISH AND LATIN.*



LONDON:

Printed by T. Bensley;

FOR T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, G. G. AND J.  
ROBINSON, W. RICHARDSON, W. OTRIDGE AND SON, R. BALDWIN,  
F. AND C. RIVINGTON, J. SCATCHERD, OGILVY AND SPEARE,  
W. LOWNDES, G. AND T. WILKIE, G. KEARSLEY, VERNOR AND  
HOOD, T. CADELL, JUNIOR, AND W. DAVIES, AND S. HAYES.

1796.

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P R E F A C E.

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THE first volume contained the jewels of Milton's transcendent genius, regularly set and wrought into one grand complete work, forming a superb diadem or brilliant necklace of exquisite workmanship in the composition, as well as of immense value in the materials.

The present volume is enriched with diamonds and pearls of equal beauty, though scattered and detached; and may be compared to those smaller pieces which the Dædalean hand of the same artist condescends to execute in miniature.

To praise the well known and universally admired poems which fill this volume would be pointing out the lustre of the sun, or the beautiful colours of the rainbow. Description indeed must ever fail in attempting to give adequate ideas of those delicate and refined excellences which are perceived by the sensibility of taste. Who can communicate by words the fragrance of the hyacinth or honeysuckle?

Milton's Latin poems have never been sufficiently commended. They are beautiful beyond most of the poetical productions in modern Latin. They are

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# PARADISE REGAINED.

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## BOOK I.

I, who ere while the happy garden sung,  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully try'd  
Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd  
In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,  
And Eden rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou Spi'rit, who ledst this glorious eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field,  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'ff him thence  
By proof th' undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute;  
And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds  
With prosp'rous wing full summ'd, to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age;  
Worthy t' have not remain'd so long un Sung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice

More awful than the found of trumpet, cry'd  
Repentance, and Heav'n's kingdom nigh at hand  
To all baptiz'd: to his great baptifm flock'd  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the fon of Jofeph deem'd  
To the flood Jordan, came as then obscure,  
Unmark'd, unknown; but him the Baptift soon  
Defcry'd, divinely warn'd, and witnefs bore  
As to his worthier, and would have refign'd  
To him his heav'nly office, nor was long  
His witnefs unconfirm'd: on him baptiz'd  
Heav'n open'd, and in likenefs of a dove  
The Spi'rit defcended, while the Father's voice  
From Heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved Son.  
That heard the Adverfary; who, roving ftill  
About the world, at that affembly fam'd  
Would not be laft, and with the voice divine  
Nigh thunder-ftruck, th' exalted man, to whom  
Such high attelt was giv'n, a while furvey'd  
With wonder; then with envy fraught and rage  
Flies to his place, nor refts, but in mid air  
To council fummons' all his mighty peers,  
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,  
A gloomy confiftory; and them amidft  
With looks aghaft and fad he thus befpoke.

“ O ancient Pow'rs of air, and this wide world;  
For much more willingly I mention air,  
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
Our hated habitation; well ye know  
How many ages, as the years of men,  
This univerfe we have poffefs'd, and rul'd

In manner at our will th' affairs of earth,  
Since Adam and his facile confort Eve  
Loft Paradise, deceiv'd by me; though fince  
With dread attending when that fatal wound  
Shall be inflicted by the feed of Eve  
Upon my head: long the decrees of Heav'n  
Delay, for longeft time to him is fhort;  
And now too foon for us the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compafs'd, wherein we  
Muft bide the ftroke of that long threaten'd wound,  
At leaft if fo we can, and by the head  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,  
In this fair empire won of earth and air;  
For this ill news I bring, the woman's feed,  
Defin'd to this, is late of woman born:  
His birth to our juft fear gave no fmall caufe,  
But his growth now to youth's full flow'r, displaying  
All virtue, grace, and wifdom to achieve  
Things higheft, greateft, multiplies my fear.  
Before him a geat prophet, to proclaim  
His coming, is fent harbinger; who all  
Invites, and in the confecrated fream  
Pretends to wash off fin, and fit them fo  
Purified to receive him pure, or rather  
To do him honour as their king: all come,  
And he himfelf among them was baptiz'd,  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive  
The testimony' of Heav'n, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt: I faw  
The prophet do him reverence; on him, rifing

Out of the water, Heav'n above the clouds  
Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head  
A perfect dove descend, whate'er it meant;  
And out of Heav'n the sov'reign voice I heard,  
This is my Son belov'd, in him am pleas'd.  
His mother then is mortal, but his fire  
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven;  
And what will he not do to' advance his Son;  
His first-begot we know, and fore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:  
Who this is we must learn, for man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his father's glory shine.  
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
But must with something sudden be oppos'd;  
Not force, but well couch'd fraud, well woven snares:  
Ere in the head of nations he appear  
Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.  
I, when no other durst, sole undertook  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruin Adam, and th' exploit perform'd  
Successfully; a calmer voyage now  
Will waft me; and the way found prosp'rous once  
Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,  
Distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings; but no time was then  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief:  
Unanimous they all commit the care



And management of this main enterprize  
To him their great dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had thriv'd  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods  
Of many a pleasant realm, and province wide.  
So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declar'd,  
This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try;  
So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd  
To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd:  
But contrary unweeting he fulfill'd  
The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd  
Of the most High, who, in full frequency bright  
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake.

“ Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,  
Thou and all Angels conversant on earth  
With man or men's affairs, how I begin  
To verify that solemn message late,  
On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure  
In Galilee, that she should bear a son  
Great in renown, and call'd the Son of God;  
Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be  
To her a virgin, that on her should come  
The Holy Ghost, and the pow'r of the Highest  
O'er-shadow her: this man born and now up-grown,  
To show him worthy of his birth divine  
And high prediction, henceforth I expose

To Satan; let him tempt and now assay  
His utmost subtlety, because he boasts  
And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng  
Of his apostasy; he might have learnt  
Less overweening, since he fail'd in Job,  
Whose constant perseverance overcame  
Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.  
He now shall know I can produce a man  
Of female seed, far abler to resist  
All his sollicitations, and at length  
All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell;  
Winning by conquest what the first man lost  
By fallacy surpris'd. But first I mean  
To exercise him in the wilderness;  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,  
By humiliation and strong sufferance:  
His weakness shall overcome Satanic strength,  
And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;  
That all the Angels and ethereal Powers,  
They now, and men hereafter may discern,  
From what consummate virtue I have chose  
This perfect man, by merit call'd my Son,  
To earn salvation for the sons of men."

380 So spake th' eternal Father, and all Heaven  
Admiring stood a space, then into hymns  
Burst forth; and in celestial measures mov'd,  
Circling the throne and singing, while the hand  
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

"Victory' and triumph to the Son of God

Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles.  
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untry'd,  
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,  
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of Hell,  
And devilish machinations come to nought."

So they in Heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd:  
Mean while the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodg'd in Bethabara where John baptiz'd,  
Musing and much revolving in his breast,  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his God-like office now mature,  
One day forth walk'd alone, the Spirit leading,  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse  
With solitude, till far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He enter'd now the bord'ring desert wild,  
And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,  
His holy meditations thus pursu'd.

"O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compar'd!  
When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do  
What might be public good; myself I thought

Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things: therefore above my years,  
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection, that ere yet my age  
Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast  
I went into the temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowledge or their own;  
And was admir'd by all: yet this not all  
To which my spi'rit aspir'd; victorious deeds  
Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while  
To rescue Israël from the Roman yoke,  
Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth  
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd:  
Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly first  
By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
At least to try, and teach the erring soul  
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware  
Mised; the stubborn only to subdue.  
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving  
By words at times cast forth inly rejoic'd,  
And said to me apart, ' High are thy thoughts  
O Son, but nourish them and let them soar  
To what height sacred virtue and true worth  
Can raise them, though above example high;  
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,

Thy father is th' eternal King, who rules  
All Heav'n and Earth, Angels and fons of men;  
A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
Conceiv'd in me a virgin; he foretold  
Thou should'ft be great, and fit on David's throne,  
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
At thy nativity a glorious quire  
Of Angels in the fields of Bethlehem fung  
To shepherds watching at their folds by night,  
And told them the Messiah now was born  
Where they might see him, and to thee they came,  
Directed to the manger where thou lay'ft,  
For in the inn was left no better room:  
A star, not seen before, in Heav'n appearing,  
Guided the wise men thither from the east,  
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold,  
By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
Affirming it thy star new grav'n in Heaven,  
By which they knew the king of Israel born.  
Just Simeon, and prophetic Anna, warn'd  
By vision, found thee in the temple', and spake  
Before the altar and the vested priest,  
Like things of thee to all that present stood.  
This having heard, straight I again resolv'd  
The law and prophets, searching what was writ  
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie  
Through many a hard assay ev'n to the death,  
Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain,  
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins

Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.  
Yet neither thus dishearten'd or dismay'd,  
The time prefix'd I waited, when behold  
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,  
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
Before Messiah and his way prepare.  
I as all others to his baptism came,  
Which I believ'd was from above; but he  
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd  
Me him (for it was shewn him so from Heaven)  
Me him, whose harbinger he was; and first  
Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won:  
But as I rose out of the laving stream,  
Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence  
The Spi'rit descended on me like a dove,  
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
Audibly heard from Heav'n, pronounc'd me his,  
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
He was well pleas'd; by which I knew the time  
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
But openly begin, as best becomes .

Th' authority which I deriv'd from Heaven.

And now by some strong motion I am led  
Into this wilderness, to what intent

I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know;

For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning Star then in his rise,

And looking round on every side beheld

A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades;

The way he came not having mark'd, return

Was difficult, by human steps untrod;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
Accompanied of things past and to come  
Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend  
Such solitude before choicest society.  
Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient oak,  
Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,  
Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;  
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt  
Till those days ended, hunger'd then at last  
Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,  
Nor sleeping him, nor waking, harm'd; his walk  
The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,  
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.  
But now an aged man, in rural weeds,  
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,  
Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve  
Against a winter's day when winds blow keen,  
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,  
He saw approach, who first with curious eye  
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

“ Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this  
place

So far from path or road of men, who pass  
In troop or caravan? for single none  
Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here  
His carcase, pin'd with hunger and with drought.  
I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late

Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honor'd so, and call'd thee Son  
 Of God; I saw and heard, for we sometimes,  
 Who dwell this wild, constrain'd by want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh (nigheft is far)  
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happens new; fame also finds us out."

To whom the Son of God: " Who brought me  
 hither,

Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek."

" By miracle he may," reply'd the swain,  
 " What other way I see not, for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,  
 Men to much misery and hardship born;  
 But if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,  
 So shalt thou save thyself and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste."

He ended, and the Son of God reply'd:  
 " Think'ft thou such force in bread? is it not written  
 (For I discern thee other than thou seem'ft)  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with Manna? in the mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor ate nor drank;  
 And forty days Elijah without food  
 Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:  
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,  
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?"

Whom thus answer'd th' Arch-Fiend now undisguis'd.



“ 'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate,  
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt  
Keep not my happy station, but was driven  
With them from blifs to the bottomless deep;  
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd  
By rigour unconniving, but that oft  
Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy  
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,  
Or range in th' air, nor from the Heav'n of Heav'ns  
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.  
I came among the sons of God, when he  
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job  
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth;  
And when to all his Angels he propos'd  
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud  
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,  
I undertook that office, and the tongues  
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies  
To his destruction, as I had in charge,  
For what he bids I do: though I have lost  
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost  
To be belov'd of God, I have not lost  
To love, at least contemplate and admire  
What I see excellent in good, or fair,  
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.  
What can be then less in me than desire  
To see thee and approach thee, whom I know  
Declar'd the Son of God, to hear attent  
Thy wisdom, and behold thy Godlike deeds?  
Men generally think me much a foe  
To all mankind: why should I? they to me

Never did wrong or violence; by them  
 I loft not what I loft, rather by them  
 I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell  
 Copartner in thefe regions of the world,  
 If not difpofer; lend them oft my aid,  
 Oft my advice by prefages and figns,  
 And anfwers, oracles, portents, and dreams,  
 Whereby they may direct their future life.  
 Envy they fay excites me, thus to gain  
 Companions of my misery and woe.  
 At firft it may be; but long fince with woe  
 Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof,  
 That fellowfhip in pain divides not fmart,  
 Nor lightens ought each man's peculiar load.  
 Small confolation then, were man adjoin'd:  
 This wounds me moft (what can it lefs?) that man,  
 Man fall'n fhall be reftor'd, I never more."

To whom our Saviour fternly thus reply'd.  
 "Defervedly thou griev'ft, compos'd of lies  
 From the beginning, and in lies wilt end;  
 Who boaff'ft releafe from Hell, and leave to come  
 Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns: thou com'ft indeed,  
 As a poor miserable captive thrall  
 Comes to the place where he before had fat  
 Among the prime in fplendour; now depos'd,  
 Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, fhunn'd,  
 A fpectacle of ruin or of fcorn  
 To all the hoft of Heav'n: the happy place  
 Imparts to thee no happinefs, no joy,  
 Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
 Loft blifs, to thee no more communicable;

So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.  
But thou art serviceable to Heav'n's King.  
Wilt thou impute to' obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?  
What but thy malice mov'd thee to misdeem  
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to' afflict him  
With all inflictions? but his patience won.  
The other service was thy chosen task,  
To be a liar in four hundred mouths;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.  
Yet thou pretend'st to truth; all oracles  
By thee are giv'n, and what confess'd more true  
Among the nations? that hath been thy craft,  
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.  
But what have been thy answers, what but dark,  
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
Which they who ask'd have seldom understood,  
And not well understood as good not known?  
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine  
Return'd the wiser, or the more instruct  
To fly or follow what concern'd him most,  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?  
For God hath justly giv'n the nations up  
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell  
Idolatrous: but when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his providence  
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,  
But from him or his angels president  
In every province? who themselves disdaining  
T' approach thy temples, give thee in command  
What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say

To thy adorers; thou, with trembling fear,  
 Or like a fawning parasite, obey'ft;  
 Then to thyself ascrib'ft the truth foretold,  
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd;  
 No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
 The Gentiles; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,  
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
 Shalt be inquir'd at Delphos or elsewhere,  
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.

God hath now sent his living oracle  
 Into the world to teach his final will,  
 And sends his Spi'rit of truth henceforth to dwell  
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour: but the subtle Fiend,  
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

" Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke;  
 And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will  
 But misery hath wrested from me: where  
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
 And not enforc'd oft-times to part from truth;  
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
 But thou art plac'd above me, thou art Lord;  
 From thee I can and must submit endure  
 Check or reproof, and glad to 'scape so quit.  
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,  
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song;  
 What wonder then if I delight to hear

Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
Virtue, who follow not her lore: permit me  
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)  
And talk at least, though I despair to' attain.  
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing; and vouchsaf'd his voice  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspir'd: disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour with unalter'd brow,  
"Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
I bid not, or forbid; do as thou find'st  
Permission from above; thou canst not more."

He added not; and Satan bowing low  
His grey diffimulation, disappear'd  
Into thin air diffus'd: for now began  
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couch'd;  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



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THE  
SECOND BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE REGAINED.

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# PARADISE REGAINED.

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## BOOK II.

MEANWHILE the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd  
At Jordan with the Baptift, and had feen  
Him whom they heard fo late exprefsly call'd  
Jefus Meffiah Son of God declar'd,  
And on that high authority had believ'd,  
And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others though in holy writ not nam'd,  
Now miffing him their joy fo lately found,  
So lately found, and fo abruptly gone,  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt:  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
And for a time caught up to God, as once  
Mofes was in the mount, and miffing long;  
And the great Thifbite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to Heav'n, yet once again to come.  
Therefore as thofe young prophets then with care

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Sought loft Elijah, fo in each place thefe  
 Nigh to Bethabara; in Jericho  
 The city' of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,  
 Machærus, and each town or city wall'd  
 On this fide the broad lake Genezaret,  
 Or in Peræa; but return'd in vain.  
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
 Where winds with reeds and ofiers whifp'ring play,  
 Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,  
 Clofe in a cottage low together got,  
 Their unexpected lofs and complaints out breath'd.

“ Alas, from what high hope to what relapfe  
 Unlook'd for are we fall'n! our eyes beheld  
 Meffiah certainly now come, fo long  
 Expected of our fathers; we have heard  
 His words, his wifdom full of grace and truth;  
 Now, now, for fure, deliverance is at hand,  
 The kingdom fhall to Ifrael be reftor'd:  
 Thus we rejoic'd, but foon our joy is turn'd  
 Into perplexity and new amaze:  
 For whither is he gone? what accident  
 Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire,  
 After appearance, and again prolong  
 Our expectation? God of Ifrael,  
 Send thy Meffiah forth, the time is come:  
 Behold the kings of th' earth how they opprefs  
 Thy chofen, to what height their pow'r unjuft  
 They have exalted, and behind them caft  
 All fear of thee: arife and vindicate  
 Thy glory, free thy people from their yoke.  
 But let us wait; thus far he hath perform'd,

Sent his Anointed, and to us reveal'd him,  
By his great Prophet, pointed at and shown  
In public, and with him we have convers'd:  
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his providence; he will not fail,  
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,  
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence;  
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return."

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume  
To find whom at the first they found unsought:  
But to his mother Mary, when she saw  
Others return'd from baptism, not her son,  
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,  
Within her breast though calm, her breast though  
pure,

Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

" O what avails me now that honour high  
To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute,  
Hail highly favour'd, among women blest!  
While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,  
And fears as imminent, above the lot  
Of other women, by the birth I bore,  
In such a season born when scarce a shed  
Could be obtain'd to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,  
A manger his; yet soon enforc'd to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the murd'rous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and missing fill'd  
With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;  
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth

Hath been our dwelling many years; his life  
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any king; but now  
Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,  
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
Son own'd from Heaven by his Father's voice;  
I look'd for some great change; to honor? no,  
But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
That to the fall and rising he should be  
Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
Spoken against, that through my very soul  
A sword shall pierce; this is my favor'd lot,  
My exaltation to afflictions high;  
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;  
I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
But where delays he now? some great intent  
Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,  
I lost him, but so found, as well I saw  
He could not lose himself; but went about  
His Father's business; what he meant I mus'd,  
Since understand; much more his absence now  
Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
But I to wait with patience am inur'd;  
My heart hath been a store-house long of things  
And say'ings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary pond'ring oft, and oft to mind  
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling:  
The while her son tracing the desert wild,  
Sole but with holiest meditations fed,

Into himself descended, and at once  
All his great work to come before him set;  
How to begin, how to accomplish best  
His end of being on earth, and mission high:  
For Satan with fly preface to return  
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
Up to the middle region of thick air,  
Where all his potentates in council sat;  
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
Solicitous and blank he thus began.

“ Princes, Heav’n’s ancient sons, ethereal thrones,  
Demonian spirits now, from th’ element  
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call’d  
Pow’rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,  
So may we hold our place and these mild feats  
Without new trouble; such an enemy  
Is risen to invade us, who no less  
Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.  
I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
Consenting in full frequency was impower’d,  
Have found him, view’d him, tasted him, but find  
Far other labour to be undergone,  
Than when I dealt with Adam first of men,  
Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,  
However to this man inferior far,  
If he be man by mother’s side at least,  
With more than human gifts from Heav’n adorn’d,  
Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.  
Therefore I am return’d, left confidence  
Of my success with Eve in Paradise.

Deceive ye to perfuafion over-fure  
 Of like fucceeding here; I fummon all  
 Rather to be in readinefs, with hand  
 Or counfel to affift; left I who erft  
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd."

So fpake th' old Serpent doubting, and from all  
 With clamour was affur'd their utmoft aid  
 At his command; when from amidft them rofe  
 Belial, the diffoluteft spi'rit that fell,  
 The fenfualeft, and after Afmodai  
 The flefhlieft incubus, and thus advis'd.

" Set women in his eye, and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the faireft found;  
 Many are in each region paffing fair  
 As the noon fky; more like to goddeffes  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
 Perfuafive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And fweet allay'd, yet terrible t' approach,  
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw  
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the pow'r to foft'n and tame  
 Severeft temper, fmoth the rugged'ft brow,  
 Eneve, and with voluptuous hope difsolve,  
 Draw out with credulous defire, and lead  
 At will the manlieft, refoluteft breaft,  
 As the magnetic hardeft iron draws.  
 Women, when nothing elfe, beguil'd the heart  
 Of wifeft Solomon, and made him build,  
 And made him bow to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick anfwer Satan thus return'd.

“ Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh’st  
All others by thyself; because of old  
Thou thyself doat’dst on womankind, admiring  
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
None are, thou think’st, but taken with such toys.  
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,  
False titled sons of God, roaming the earth  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,  
And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk’st,  
In wood or grove by mossy fountain side,  
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay  
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amynone, Syrinx, many more  
Too long, then lay’st thy scapes on names ador’d,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,  
Satir, or Faun, or Sylvan? But these haunts  
Delight not all; among the sons of men,  
How many have with a smile made small account  
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn’d  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!  
Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the east  
He slightly view’d, and slightly overpass’d;  
How he firnam’d of Africa dismiss’d  
In his prime youth the fair Iberian maid.  
For Solomon, he liv’d at ease, and full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim’d not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state;

Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment  
Of greatest things; what woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye  
Of fond desire? or should she confident,  
As fitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
T' enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell;  
How would one look from his majestic brow  
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,  
Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout  
All her array; her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe! for beauty stands  
In th' admiration only of weak minds  
Led captive; cease to' admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abash'd:  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy, with such as have more show  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise;  
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wreck'd;  
Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond;  
And now I know he hungers where no food  
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness;  
The rest commit to me, I shall let pass  
No' advantage, and his strength as oft assay."



He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
Of spirits likest to himself in guile,  
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,  
If cause were to unfold some active scene  
Of various persons, each to know his part;  
Then to the desert takes with these his flight;  
Where still from shade to shade the Son of God  
After forty days fasting had remain'd,  
Now hung'ring first, and to himself thus said.

“Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd  
Wand'ring this woody maze, and human food  
Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast  
To virtue I impute not, or count part  
Of what I suffer here; if nature need not,  
Or God support nature without repast  
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
But now I feel I hunger, which declares  
Nature hath need of what she asks; yet God  
Can satisfy that need some other way,  
Though hunger still remain: so it remain  
Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
And from the sting of famine fear no harm,  
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts that feed  
Me hung'ring more to do my Father's will.”

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son  
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down  
Under the hospitable covert nigh  
Of trees thick interwoven; there he slept,  
And dream'd, as appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing ev'n and morn,  
Though ravenous, taught t' abstain from what they  
brought:

He saw the prophet also how he fled  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper; then how, awak'd,  
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,  
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days;  
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night, and now the herald lark  
Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry  
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song:  
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream;  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd.  
Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote or herd;  
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,  
Only' in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chant of tuneful birds resounding loud;  
Thither he bent his way, determin'd there  
To rest at noon, and enter'd soon the shade  
High roof'd, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
That open'd in the midst a woody scene;  
Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art)

And to a superstitious eye thē haunt  
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs; he view'd it round,  
 When suddenly a man before him stood,  
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
 As one in city', or court, or palace bred,  
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

“ With granted leave officious I return,  
 But much more wonder that the Son of God  
 In this wild solitude so long should bide  
 Of all things destitute, and well I know,  
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness;  
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son  
 Out-cast Nebaioth, yet found here relief,  
 By a providing angel; all the race  
 Of Israel here had famish'd, had not God  
 Rain'd from Heav'n manna; and that prophet bold,  
 Native of Thebez, wand'ring here, was fed  
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat:  
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.”

To whom thus Jesus. “ What conclud'ft thou hence?  
 They all had need, I, as thou seeft, have none.”

“ How hast thou hunger then?” Satan reply'd.

“ Tell me if food were now before thee set,

Would'ft thou not eat?” “ Thereafter as I like

The giver,” answer'd Jesus. “ Why should that

Cause thy refusal?” said the subtle fiend.

“ Hast thou not right to all created things?

Owe not all creatures by just right to thee

Duty and service, not to stay till bid,

But tender all their pow'r? nor mention I  
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first  
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse;  
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy, though who  
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? Behold,  
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,  
 Troubled that thou should'st hunger, hath purvey'd  
 From all the elements her choicest store  
 To treat thee as befits, and as her lord  
 With honour, only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream, for as his words had end,  
 Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld  
 In ample space under the broadest shade  
 A table richly spread, in regal mode,  
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort  
 And favour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
 In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,  
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,  
 Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
 And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd  
 Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
 Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,  
 Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!  
 And at a stately side-board, by the wine  
 That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood  
 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue  
 Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more  
 Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood  
 Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
 With fruits and flow'rs from Amalthea's horn,  
 And ladies of th' Hesperides, that seem'd

Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since  
Of faery damfels met in forest wide  
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore :  
And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds  
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fann'd  
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
Such was the splendour, and the Tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

“ What doubts the Son of God to fit and eat?  
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict  
Defends the touching of these viands pure;  
Their taste no knowledge works at least of evil,  
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord:  
What doubt'st thou Son of God? sit down and eat.”

To whom thus Jesus temp'rately reply'd.  
“ Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
And who withholds my pow'r that right to use?  
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command?  
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
Command a table in this wilderness,  
And call swift flights of angels ministrant  
Array'd in glory on my cup to' attend:  
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?”

And with my hunger what hast thou to do?

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,

And count thy specious gifts no gifts but guiles."

To whom thus answer'd Satan malecontent.

"That I have also pow'r to give thou see'st;

If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary

What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,

And rather opportunely in this place

Chose to impart to thy apparent need,

Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see

What I can do or offer is suspect;

Of these things others quickly will dispose,

Whose pains have earn'd the far fet spoil." With that

Both table and provision vanish quite

With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard;

Only the impórtune Tempter still remain'd,

And with these words his temptation pursu'd.

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,

Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd;

Thy temperance invincible besides,

For no allurements yields to appetite,

And all thy heart is set on high designs,

High actions; but wherewith to be achiev'd?

Great acts require great means of enterprise;

Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,

A carpenter thy father known, thyself

Bred up in poverty and straits at home,

Loft in a desert here and hunger-bit:

Which way or from what hope dost thou aspire

To greatness? whence authority deriv'st?

What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,

Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,  
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?  
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:  
What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,  
(Thy throne) but gold that got him puissant friends?  
Therefore, if at great things thou would'st arrive,  
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,  
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me;  
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;  
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,  
While virtue, valour, wisdom fit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently reply'd.  
" Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.  
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:  
But men endued with these have oft attain'd  
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;  
Gideon, and Jephthah, and the shepherd lad,  
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat  
So many ages, and shall yet regain  
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
Among the heathen, (for throughout the world  
To me is not unknown what hath been done  
Worthy' of memorial) canst thou not remember  
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?  
For I esteem those names of men so poor  
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
Riches though offer'd from the hand of kings.  
And what in me seems wanting, but that I

404  
May also in this poverty as soon  
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?  
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,  
The wife man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt  
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,  
Than prompt her to do ought may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains:  
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him which he serves,  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and knowing worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly; this attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force, which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight.  
Besides to give a kingdom hath been thought



Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needles then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be fought,  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better mis'd."

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY  
NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
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THIRD BOOK  
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## PARADISE REGAINED.

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### BOOK III.

So spake the Son of God, and Satan stood  
A while as mute confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted and convinc'd  
Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift;  
At length collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

“ I see thou know’st what is of use to know,  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do;  
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron’s breast; or tongue of seers old  
Infallible: or wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require th’ array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such, that all the world

Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive  
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
The fame and glory, glory the reward  
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame  
Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure  
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers all but the highest?  
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe; the son  
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quell'd  
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
The more he grew in years, the more inflam'd  
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long  
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late."

To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd,  
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmix'd?  
And what the people but a herd confus'd,

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd, scarce worth the  
praise?

They praise, and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,  
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,  
Of whom to be disprais'd were no small praise?  
His lot who dares be singularly good.

Th' intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

This is true glory and renown, when God  
Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
To all his angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises: thus he did to Job,  
When to extend his fame through Heav'n and Earth,  
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He ask'd thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'  
Famous he was in Heav'n, on Earth less known;  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy' of fame.

They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inslave  
Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more  
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy,  
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,  
Great Benefactors of mankind, deliverers,  
Worshipp'd with temple, priest and sacrifice;  
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other;  
Till conqueror death discover them scarce men,  
Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,  
Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
But if there be in glory ought of good,  
It may by means far different be attain'd  
Without ambition, war, or violence;  
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
By patience, temperance: I mention still  
Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience borne  
Made famous in a land and times obscure;  
Who names not now with honour patient Job?  
Poor Socrates (who next more memorable?)  
By what he taught and suffer'd for so doing,  
For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
Yet if for fame and glory ought be done,  
Ought suffer'd; if young African for fame  
His wasted country freed from Punic rage,  
The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,  
And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,  
Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but his  
Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd.  
"Think not so slight of glory; therein least  
Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,



And for his glory all things made, all things  
Orders and governs; nor content in Heaven  
By all his angels glorify'd, requires  
Glory from men, from all men good or bad,  
Wife or unwise, no difference, no exemption;  
Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift  
Glory' he requires, and glory he receives  
Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd;  
From us his foes pronounc'd glory' he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently reply'd.  
" And reason; since his word all things produc'd,  
Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
But to shew forth his goodness, and impart  
His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory' and benediction, that is thanks,  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And not returning that would likeliest render  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
Hard recompense, unfuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence.  
But why should man seek glory, who' of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
But condemnation, ignominy', and shame?  
Who for so many benefits receiv'd  
Turn'd recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoil'd,  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
That which to God alone of right belongs;

Yet fo much bounty is in God, fuch grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himfelf to glory will advance."

So fpake the Son of God; and here again  
Satan had not to anfwer, but flood ftruck  
With guilt of his own fin, for he himfelf  
Infatiable of glory had loft all,  
Yet of another plea bethought him foon.

"Of glory, as thou wilt," faid he, "fo deem,  
Worth or not worth the feeking, let it pafs:  
But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd  
To fit upon thy father David's throne;  
By mother's fide thy father; though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Eafily from poffeffion won with arms:  
Judea now and all the promis'd land,  
Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius; nor is always rul'd  
With temp'rate fway; oft have they violated  
The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once  
Antiochus: and think'ft thou to regain  
Thy right by fitting ftill or thus retiring?  
So did not Maccabeus: he indeed  
Retir'd unto the defert, but with arms;  
And o'er a mighty king fo oft prevail'd,  
That by ftrong hand his family obtain'd,  
Though priests, the crown, and David's throne ufurp'd,  
With Modin and her fuburbs once content.  
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal  
And duty; zeal and duty are not flow;

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait,  
They themselves rather are occasion best,  
Zeal of thy father's house, duty to free  
Thy country from her heathen servitude;  
So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify  
The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign;  
The happier reign the sooner it begins;  
Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus return'd.  
" All things are best fulfill'd in their due time,  
And time there is for all things, Truth hath said:  
If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,  
That it shall never end, so when begin  
The father in his purpose hath decreed,  
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,  
By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,  
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know  
What I can suffer, how obey? who best  
Can suffer, best can do; best reign, who first  
Well hath obey'd; just trial ere I merit  
My exaltation without change or end.  
But what concerns it thee when I begin  
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou  
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition?  
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

To whom the Tempter inly rack'd reply'd.

“ Let that come when it comes; all hope is lost  
Of my reception into grace; what worse?  
For where no hope is left, is left no fear:  
If there be worse, the expectation more  
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
I would be at the worst; worst is my port,  
My harbour and my ultimate repose,  
The end I would attain, my final good.  
My error was my error, and my crime  
My crime; whatever for itself condemn'd,  
And will alike be punish'd, whether thou  
Reign or reign not; though to that gentle brow  
Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
Rather than aggravate my evil state,  
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire  
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell)  
A shelter and a kind of shading cool  
Interposition, as a summer's cloud.  
If I then to the worst that can be haste,  
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,  
Happiest both to thyself and all the world,  
That thou who worthiest art should'st be their king?  
Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detain'd  
Of th' enterprise so hazardous and high;  
No wonder, for though in thee be united  
What of perfection can in man be found,  
Or human nature can receive, consider  
Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
At home, scarce view'd the Galilean towns,  
And once a year Jerusalem, few days

Short sojourn; and what thence could'st thou observe?  
The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,  
Best school of best experience, quickest insight  
In all things that to greatest actions lead.  
The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever  
Timorous and loath, with novice modesty,  
(As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)  
Irresolute, unhardy, unadvent'rous:  
But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit  
Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes  
The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,  
Sufficient introduction to inform  
Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,  
And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know  
How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took  
The Son of God up to a mountain high.  
It was a mountain at whose verdant feet  
A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide  
Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flow'd,  
Th' one winding, th' other strait, and left between  
Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,  
Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea:  
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine;  
With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;  
Huge cities and high towr'd, that well might seem  
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large  
The prospect was, that here and there was room  
For barren desert fountainless and dry.  
To this high mountain top the Tempter brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words began.

“ Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,  
Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,  
Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'ft  
Affyria and her empire's ancient bounds,  
Araxes and the Caspian lake, thence on  
As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
And oft beyond; to south the Persian bay,  
And inaccessible th' Arabian drouth:  
Here Nineveh, of length within her wall  
Several days journey, built by Ninus old,  
Of that first golden monarchy the feat,  
And feat of Salmanassar, whose success  
Israel in long captivity still mourns;  
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
Judah and all thy father David's house  
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
Till Cyrus set them free; Persepolis  
His city there thou seest, and Bactra there;  
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,  
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;  
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
The drink of none but kings; of later fame  
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,  
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
Turning with easy eye thou may'ft behold.  
All these the Parthian, now some ages past,  
By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
That empire, under his dominion holds,

From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
Of his great pow'r; for now the Parthian king  
In Ctesiphon hath gather'd all his host  
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
He marches now in haste; see, though from far,  
His thousands, in what martial equipage  
They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms  
Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit;  
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
See how in warlike muster they appear,  
In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings."

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless  
The city gates out-pour'd, light armed troops  
In coats of mail and military pride;  
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound;  
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
And Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,  
From Atropasia and the neighb'ring plains  
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.  
He saw them in their forms of battle rang'd,  
How quick they wheel'd, and fly'ing behind them shot  
Sharp fleet of arrowy show'rs against the face  
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;  
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn

Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots or elephants indors'd with towers  
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers  
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd  
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;  
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
And waggons fraught with utensils of war,  
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieg'd Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city' of Gallaphrone, from thence to win  
The fairest of her sex Angelica  
His daughter, fought by many prowest knights,  
Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.  
Such and so numerous was their chivalry;  
At fight whereof the Fiend yet more presum'd,  
And to our Saviour thus his words renew'd.

“ That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark  
To what end I have brought thee hither and shown  
All this fair fight: thy kingdom though foretold  
By prophet or by angel, unless thou  
Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still  
In all things, and all men, supposes means,  
Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.  
But say thou wert possess'd of David's throne  
By free consent of all, none opposite,



Samaritan or Jew; how could'st thou hope  
Long to enjoy it quiet and secure,  
Between two such inclosing enemies  
Roman and Parthian? therefore one of these  
Thou must make sure thy own, the Parthian first  
By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
Found able by invasion to annoy  
Thy country', and captive lead away her kings  
Antigonus, and old Hyrcanus bound,  
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my talk  
To render thee the Parthian at dispose;  
Choose which thou wilt by conquest or by league.  
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
In David's royal seat, his true successor,  
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd;  
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph lost  
Thus long from Israel, serving as of old  
Their fathers in the land of Egypt serv'd,  
This offer sets before thee to deliver.  
These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond  
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear."

To whom our Saviour answer'd thus unmov'd.  
" Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,  
And fragil arms, much instrument of war  
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,

Before mine eyes thou' hast set; and in my ear  
Vented much policy, and projects deep  
Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.  
Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else  
Will unpredict and fail me of the throne:  
My time I told thee (and that time for thee  
Were better farthest off) is not yet come;  
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
On my part ought endeavouring, or to need  
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome  
Luggage of war there shown me, argument  
Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes  
I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
To just extent over all Israel's sons;  
But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then  
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numb'ring Israel, which cost the lives  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days' pestilence? such was thy zeal  
To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
And all th' idolatries of Heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;  
Nor in the land of their captivity

Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers; but so dy'd  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
And God with idols in their worship join'd.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
Headlong would follow'; and to their gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan? no, let them serve  
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.  
Yet he at length, time to himself best known,  
Rememb'ring Abraham, by some wond'rous call  
May bring them back repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave th' Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste,  
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;  
To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true king, and to the Fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

The first part of the book is devoted to a general history of the United States from its discovery by Columbus in 1492 to the present time. It covers the early years of settlement, the struggle for independence, and the formation of the federal government. The author discusses the various political and social movements that have shaped the nation, and the role of the different states in the development of the country.

The second part of the book is a detailed account of the American Civil War, from its outbreak in 1861 to its conclusion in 1865. It describes the military campaigns, the political maneuvering, and the social changes that resulted from the war. The author also discusses the Reconstruction period and the struggle for civil rights for African Americans.

The third part of the book is a history of the United States from 1865 to the present. It covers the Gilded Age, the Progressive Era, and the modern era. It discusses the rise of big business, the reform movements, and the impact of World War I and World War II. The author also discusses the New Deal, the Cold War, and the current political and social issues facing the United States.

The book is written in a clear and concise style, and is suitable for students and general readers alike. It provides a comprehensive overview of the history of the United States, and is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the subject.

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THE  
FOURTH BOOK  
OF  
PARADISE REGAINED.

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# PARADISE REGAINED.



## BOOK IV.

PERPLEX'D and troubled at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That fleek'd his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve,  
This far his over-match, who, self-deceiv'd  
And rash, beforehand had no better weigh'd  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:  
But as a man who had been matchless held  
In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,  
To save his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more;  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is pour'd,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock;

20  
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,  
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end;  
 So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
 Yet gives not o'er, though desp'rate of success,  
 And his vain importunity pursues.

30  
 He brought our Saviour to the western side  
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
 Another plain, long but in breadth not wide,  
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north  
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills,  
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men  
 From cold Septentrion blasts, thence in the midst  
 Divided by a river, of whose banks  
 On each side an imperial city stood,  
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate  
 On sev'n small hills, with palaces adorn'd,  
 Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
 Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
 Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,  
 Above the height of mountains interpos'd:  
 40  
 By what strange parallax or optic skill  
 Of vision multiply'd through air, or glass  
 Of telescope, were curious to inquire:  
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

“ The city which thou see'st no other deem  
 Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth  
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd  
 Of nations; there the capitol thou see'st  
 Above the rest lifting his stately head  
 On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel



Impregnable, and there mount Palatine, 50  
Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
Turrets and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of gods, (so well I have dispos'd  
My aery microscope) thou may'st behold  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60  
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or ent'ring in,  
Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state;  
Licitors and rods, the ensigns of their pow'r,  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings:  
Or embassies from regions far remote  
In various habits on the Appian road,  
Or on th' Æmilian, some from farthest south,  
Syene', and where the shadow both way falls, 70  
Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea;  
From th' Asian kings and Parthian among these,  
From India and the golden Chersonese,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white filken turbans wreath'd;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,  
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
All nations now to Rome obedience pay, 80

To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain  
 In ample territory, wealth and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,  
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian; these two thrones except,  
 The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the fight,  
 Shar'd among petty kings too far remov'd;  
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.

90

This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old,  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd  
 To Capreæ an island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,  
 Committing to a wicked favourite

All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,  
 Hated of all, and hating; with what ease,  
 Indued with regal virtues as thou art,

Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,

100

Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne  
 Now made a stye, and in his place ascending  
 A victor people free from servile yoke?

And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
 Is giv'n, and by that right I give it thee.

Aim therefore at no less than all the world,

Aim at the high'est, without the high'est attain'd

Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,

On David's throne, be prophes'd what will."

To whom the Son of God unmov'd reply'd.

110

"Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show  
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,

More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
On citron tables or Atlantic stone,  
(For I have also heard, perhaps have read)  
Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
Chios, and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
Crystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems  
And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell who thirst  
And hunger still: then embassies thou show'st  
From nations far and nigh; what honour that,  
But tedious waste of time to sit and hear  
So many hollow compliments and lies,  
Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk  
Of th' emperor, how easily subdued,  
How gloriously; I shall, thou say'st, expel  
A brutish monster: what if I withal  
Expel a devil who first made him such?  
Let his tormenter conscience find him out;  
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
That people victor once, now vile and base,  
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,  
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,  
But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inur'd  
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd,  
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wife and valiant man would seek to free  
These thus degenerate, by themselves inflav'd,  
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
Know therefore when my season comes to fit  
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world,  
And of my kingdom there shall be no end:  
Means there shall be to this, but what the means,  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd,  
" I see all offers made by me how slight  
Thou valuest, because offered, and reject'st:  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict:  
On th' other side know also thou, that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem,  
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought;  
All these which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give;  
For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,  
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else,  
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior lord,  
Easily done, and hold them all of me;  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answer'd with disdain.  
" I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less,  
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter  
Th' abominable terms, impious condition;

But I endure the time, till which expir'd,  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written  
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve;  
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee accur's'd, now more accur's'd  
For this attempt bolder than that on Eve,  
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given,  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd;  
Other donation none thou canst produce:  
If giv'n, by whom but by the king of kings,  
God over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the giver now  
Repaid? But gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,  
As offer them to me the Son of God,  
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
Get thee behind me; plain thou now appear'st  
That evil one, Satan for ever damn'd."

To whom the Fiend with fear abash'd reply'd.  
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God,  
Though sons of God both angels are and men,  
If I to try whether in higher sort  
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd  
What both from men and angels I receive,  
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth  
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,  
God of this world invok'd and world beneath;  
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold

To me fo fatal, me it moft concerns.  
The trial hath indamag'd thee no way,  
Rather more honour left and more eſteem;  
Me nought advantag'd, miſſing what I aimed.  
Therefore let paſs, as they are tranſitory,  
The kingdoms of this world; I ſhall no more  
Advife thee; gain them as thou canſt, or not.  
And thou thyſelf ſeem'ſt otherwiſe inclin'd  
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
To contemplation and profound diſpute,  
As by that early action may be judg'd,  
When ſlipping from thy mother's eye thou went'ſt  
Alone into the temple; there waſt found  
Among the graveſt rabbies diſputant  
On points and queſtions fitting Moſes chair,  
Teaching not taught; the childhood ſhows the man,  
As morning ſhows the day. Be famous then  
By wiſdom; as thy empire muſt extend,  
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:  
All knowledge is not couch'd in Moſes law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote;  
The Gentiles alſo know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by nature's light;  
And with the Gentiles much thou muſt converſe,  
Ruling them by perſuaſion as thou mean'ſt;  
Without their learning how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee hold converſation meet?  
How wilt thou reaſon with them, how refute  
Their idolifms, traditions, paradoxes?  
Error by his own arms is beſt evinc'd.

Look once more ere we leave this specular mount  
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City' or suburban, studious walks and shades;  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement; where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound  
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites  
To studious musing; there Iliffus rolls  
His whisp'ring stream: within the walls then view  
The schools of ancient sages; his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer call'd,  
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own.  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
In chorus or Iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life;  
High actions, and high passions best describing:

Thence to the famous orators repair,  
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook th' arsenal and fulmin'd over Greece,  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:  
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From Heav'n descended to the low-rooft house  
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,  
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd  
Wiseſt of men; from whose mouth iſſued forth  
Mellifluous ſtreams that water'd all the ſchools  
Of Academics old and new, with thoſe  
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the ſect  
Epicurean, and the Stoic ſevere;  
Theſe here revolve, or, as thou lik'ſt, at home,  
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
Theſe rules will render thee a king complete  
Within thyſelf, much more with empire join'd."

To whom our Saviour ſagely thus reply'd.  
"Think not but that I know theſe things, or think  
I know them not; not therefore am I ſhort  
Of knowing what I ought: he who receives  
Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
But theſe are falſe, or little elſe but dreams,  
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.  
The firſt and wiſeſt of them all profeſs'd  
To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
The next to fabling fell and ſmooth conceits;  
A third ſort doubted all things, though plain ſenſe;  
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,



But virtue join'd with riches and long life;  
In corporal pleasure he, and carelefs ease;  
The Stoic laft in philofophic pride,  
By him call'd virtue; and his virtuous man,  
Wife, perfect in himfelf, and all poffeffing,  
Equals to God, oft fhames not to prefer,  
As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,  
Which when he lifts, he leaves, or boasts he can,  
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
Or fubtle shifts conviction to evade.  
Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,  
Ignorant of themfelves, of God much more,  
And how the world began, and how man fell  
Degraded by himfelf, on grace depending?  
Much of the foul they talk, but all awry,  
And in themfelves feek virtue, and to themfelves  
All glory arrogate, to God give none,  
Rather accufe him under ufual names,  
Fortune and Fate, as one regardlefs quite  
Of mortal things. Who therefore feeks in thefe  
True wifdom, finds her not, or by delufion  
Far worfe, her falfe refemblance only meets,  
An empty cloud. However many books,  
Wife men have faid, are wearifome; who reads  
Inceffantly, and to his reading brings not  
A fpirit and judgment equal or fuperior,  
(And what he brings, what needs he elfewhere feek?)  
Uncertain and unfettled ftill remains,  
Deep vers'd in books and fhallow in himfelf,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys,

And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
Or if I would delight my private hours  
With music or with poem, where so soon  
As in our native language can I find  
That solace? All our law and story strow'd  
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd,  
Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon,  
That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare  
That rather Greece from us these arts deriv'd;  
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing  
The vices of their deities, and their own  
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
Remove their swelling epithets thick laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
Thin sown with ought of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
Where God is prais'd aright, and god-like men,  
The Holiest of Holies, and his Saints;  
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from thee,  
Unless where moral virtue is express'd  
By light of nature not in all quite lost.  
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those  
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,  
And lovers of their country, as may seem;  
But herein to our prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government  
In their majestic unaffected style

Than all the' oratory of Greece and Rome.  
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat;  
These only with our law best form a king."

So spake the Son of God; but Satan now  
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,  
Thus to our Saviour with stern brow reply'd.

" Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor ought  
By me propos'd in life contemplative,  
Or active; tended on by glory, or fame,  
What dost thou in this world? the wilderness  
For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,  
And thither will return thee; yet remember  
What I foretel thee, soon thou shalt have cause  
To wish thou never hadst rejected thus  
Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,  
Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season,  
When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.  
Now contrary, if I read ought in Heaven,  
Or Heav'n write ought of fate, by what the stars  
Voluminous, or single characters,  
In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
Sorrows, and labours, opposition, hate  
Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;  
A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
Real or allegoric I discern not,

Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,  
Without beginning; for no date prefix'd  
Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So say'ing he took (for still he knew his power  
Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness  
Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,  
Feigning to disappear. Darknes now rose,  
As day-light sunk, and brought in loursing night  
Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
Privation mere of light and absent day,  
Our Saviour meek and with untroubled mind  
After his aery jaunt, though hurried fore,  
Hungry and cold betook him to his rest,  
Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
Whose branching arms thick intertwin'd might shield  
From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,  
But shelter'd slept in vain, for at his head  
The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturb'd his sleep; and either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of Heav'n, the clouds  
From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd  
Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, water with fire  
In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vex'd wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks  
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
Or torn up sheer: ill waft thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st  
Unshaken; nor yet stay'd the terrour there,

Infernal ghosts, and Hellish furies, round  
Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd;  
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
Sat'st unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.

Thus pass'd the night so foul, till morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice grey,  
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar  
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.

And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet  
From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,

Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn;

Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn  
Was absent, after all his mischief done,

The prince of darkness, glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came,

Yet with no new device, they all were spent,  
Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,

Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage,  
And mad despite to be so oft repell'd.

Him walking on a sunny hill he found,

Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood;

Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,

And in a careless mood thus to him said.

“ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night; I heard the wrack

As earth and sky would mingle; but myself  
Was distant; and these flaws, though mortals fear them  
As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,  
Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,  
Are to the main as inconsiderable,  
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
To man's less universe, and soon are gone;  
Yet as being oft times noxious where they light  
On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
Like turbulences in th' affairs of men,  
Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
They oft fore-signify and threaten ill:  
This tempest at this desert most was bent;  
Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
The perfect season offer'd with my aid  
To win thy destin'd feat, but wilt prolong  
All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
Of gaining David's throne no man knows when,  
For both the when and how is no where told,  
Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt;  
For Angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing  
The time and means: each act is rightliest done,  
Not when it must, but when it may be best.  
If thou observe not this, be sure to find,  
What I foretold thee, many a hard assay  
Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold;  
Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,  
So many terrours, voices, prodigies  
May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign."

So talk'd he, while the Son of God went on  
And stay'd not, but in brief him answer'd thus.

“ Me worse than wet thou find'st not; other harm  
Those terrours which thou speak'st of, did me none;  
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud  
And threat'ning nigh; what they can do as signs  
Betokening, or ill boding, I contemn  
As false portents, not sent from God, but thee;  
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting  
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,  
Ambitious spi'rit, and would'st be thought my God,  
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrify  
Me to thy will; desist, thou art discern'd  
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.”

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, reply'd.  
“ Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born;  
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt:  
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length  
Announc'd by Gabriel with the first I knew,  
And of th' angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.  
From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye  
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
Till at the ford of Jordan whither all  
Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,  
Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from Heaven  
Heard thee pronounc'd the Son of God belov'd.

Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd  
 The Son of God, which bears no single sense;  
 The Son of God I also am, or was,  
 And if I was, I am; relation stands;  
 All men are fons of God; yet thee I thought  
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.  
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,  
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;  
 Where by all best conjectures I collect  
 Thou art to me my fatal enemy.  
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek  
 To understand my adversary, who  
 And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent;  
 By parl, or composition, truce, or league  
 To win him, or win from him what I can.  
 And opportunity I here have had  
 To try thee, sift thee, and confests have found thee  
 Proof against all temptation, as a rock  
 Of adamant, and as a centre, firm,  
 To th' utmost of mere man both wise and good,  
 Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,  
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again:  
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,  
 Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heav'n,  
 Another method I must now begin."

So say'ing he caught him up, and without wing  
 Of hippogrif bore through the air sublime  
 Over the wilderness and o'er the plain;



Till underneath them fair Jerufalem,  
The holy city lifted high her towers,  
And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd  
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount  
Of alabafter, topt with golden ſpires:  
There on the higheſt pinnacle he ſet  
The Son of God, and added thus in ſcorn.

“ There ſtand, if thou wilt ſtand; to ſtand upright  
Will aſk thee ſkill; I to thy Father’s houſe  
Have brought thee, and higheſt plac’d, higheſt is beſt,  
Now ſhow thy progeny; if not to ſtand,  
Caſt thyſelf down; ſafely, if Son of God:  
For it is written, He will give command  
Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands  
They ſhall uplift thee, left at any time  
Thou chance to daſh thy foot againſt a ſtone.”

To whom thus Jeſus; “ Alſo it is written,  
Tempt not the Lord thy God: he ſaid, and ſtood:”  
But Satan ſmitten with amazement fell.  
As when earth’s ſon Antæus (to compare  
Small things with greateſt) in Iraſſa ſtrove  
With Jove’s Alcides, and oft foil’d ſtill roſe,  
Receiving from his mother earth new ſtrength,  
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join’d,  
Throttled at length in th’ air, expir’d and fell;  
So after many a foil the Tempter proud,  
Renewing freſh aſſaults, amidſt his pride  
Fell whence he ſtood to ſee his victor fall.  
And as that Theban-monſter that propos’d  
Her riddle, and him, who ſolv’d it not, devour’d,

That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite  
Cast herself headlong from th' Ifmenian steep;  
So struck with dread and anguish fell the Fiend,  
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,  
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.  
So Satan fell; and straight a fiery globe  
Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft  
From his uneasy station, and up bore  
As on a floating couch through the blithe air,  
Then in a flow'ry valley set him down  
On a green bank, and set before him spread  
A table of celestial food, divine,  
Ambrosial fruits, fetch'd from the tree of life,  
And from the fount of life ambrosial drink,  
That soon refresh'd him wearied, and repair'd  
What hunger, if ought hunger had impair'd,  
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic quires  
Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory  
Over temptation, and the Tempter proud.

True image of the Father, whether thron'd  
In the bosom of blis, and light of light  
Conceiving, or remote from Heav'n, inshrin'd  
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,  
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place,  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with godlike force indued  
Against th' attempter of thy Father's throne,

And thief of Paradise; him long of old  
Thou didst debel, and down from Heaven cast  
With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd  
Supplanted Adam, and by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise;  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent:  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot  
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:  
For though that feat of earthly blifs be fail'd,  
A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou  
A Saviour art come down to reinstall  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.  
But thou, infernal Serpent, shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds; like an autumnal star  
Or lightning thou shalt fall from Heav'n, trod down  
Under his feet: for proof, ere this thou feel'st  
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,  
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in Hell  
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt; hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God: he all unarm'd  
Shall chace thee with the terrour of his voice  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,  
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,  
Left he command them down into the deep  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
Hail Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,

Queller of Satan, on thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save mankind.

Thus they the Son of God our Saviour meek  
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd  
Brought on his way with joy; he unobserv'd  
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

1427

END OF PARADISE REGAINED.

# SAMSON AGONISTES.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

*Τραγωδία μιμησις πράξεως σπεδίας, &c.*

TRAGÆDIA EST IMITATIO ACTIONIS SERIÆ, ETC. PER  
MISERICORDIAM ET METUM PERFICIENS TALIU  
AFFECTUUM LUSTRATIONEM.

ARISTOT. POET. CAP. 6.



## OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM

WHICH IS CALLED TRAGEDY.



**T**RAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terrour, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so in physic things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv, 33; and Paræus commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book as a tragedy, into acts distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to

compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax; but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca the philosopher is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a father of the church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which is entitled Christ Suffering. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poets error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before hand may be epistled; that chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apole-



lymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe or Epod, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum; they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.



## THE ARGUMENT.

Samson made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him: the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

## THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, THE FATHER OF SAMSON.

DALILA, HIS WIFE.

HARAPHA OF GATH.

PUBLIC OFFICER.

MESSENGER.

CHORUS OF DANITES.

THE SCENE BEFORE THE PRISON IN GAZA.

## SAMSON AGONISTES.



SAMSON.

A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily' in the common prison else injoin'd me,  
Where I a prisoner, chain'd, scarce freely draw  
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught: but here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works; unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me; hence with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease,  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm

Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
O wherefore was my birth from Heav'n foretold  
Twice by an angel, who at last in fight  
Of both my parents all in flames ascended  
From off the altar, where an offering burn'd,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His godlike presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit reveal'd to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding order'd and prescribed  
As of a person separate to God,  
Design'd for great exploits; if I must die  
Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,  
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious strength  
Put to the labour of a beast, debas'd  
Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke:  
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction; what if all foretold  
Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default,  
Whom have I to complain of but myself?  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it,

O'ercome with importunity and tears.  
O impotence of mind, in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom, vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command!  
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace, I must not quarrel with the will  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know:  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries;  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light the prime work of God to me' is extinct,  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm; the vilest here excel me,  
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In pow'r of others, never in my own;  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,  
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse

Without all hope of day!  
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,  
Let there be light, and light was over all;  
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?  
The sun to me is dark  
And silent as the moon,  
When she deferts the night  
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
Since light so necessary is to life,  
And almost life itself, if it be true  
That light is in the soul,  
She all in every part; why was the fight  
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd,  
So obvious and so easy to be quench'd?  
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,  
That she might look at will through every pore?  
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,  
As in the land of darkness yet in light,  
To live a life half dead, a living death,  
And bury'd; but O yet more miserable!  
Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave,  
Bury'd, yet not exempt  
By privilege of death and burial  
From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs,  
But made hereby obnoxious more  
To all the miseries of life,  
Life in captivity  
Among inhuman foes.  
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear  
The tread of many feet steering this way;  
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare



At my affliction, and perhaps t' insult,  
Their daily practice to afflict me more.

## CHORUS.

This, this is he; softly a while,  
Let us not break in upon him;  
O change beyond report, thought, or belief!  
See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,  
With languish'd head unpropt,  
As one past hope, abandon'd,  
And by himself given over;  
In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
O'er-worn and foil'd;  
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,  
That heroic, that renown'd,  
Irresistible Samson? whom unarm'd  
No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could with-  
stand;  
Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid,  
Ran on imbattl'd armies clad in iron,  
And weaponless himself,  
Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
Of brazen shield and spear, the hammer'd cuirass,  
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail  
Adamantean proof;  
But safest he who stood aloof,  
When insupportably his foot advanc'd,  
In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
Spurn'd them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite  
Fled from his lion ramp, old warriors turn'd  
Their plated backs under his heel;  
Or grov'ling foil'd their crested helmets in the dust.

Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead afs, his fword of bone,  
 A thoufand forefkins fell, the flow'r of Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi famous to this day.  
 Then by main force pull'd up, and on his fhoulders  
     bore

The gates of Azza, poft, and mafsy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, feat of giants old,  
 No journey of a fabbath-day, and loaded fo;  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven.

Which fhall I firft bewail,

Thy bondage or loft fight,

Prifon within prifon

Infeparably dark?

Thou art become (O worft imprifonment!)

The dungeon of thyfelf; thy foul

(Which men enjoying fight oft without caufe com-  
     plain)

Imprifon'd now indeed,

In real darknefs of the body dwells,

Shut up from outward light

T' incorporate with gloomy night;

For inward light alas

Puts forth no vifual beam.

O mirrour of our fickle ftate,

Since man on earth unparallell'd!

The rarer thy example ftands,

By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,

Strongeft of mortal men,

To loweft pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.

For him I reckon not in high eftate

Whom long descent of birth  
 Or the sphere of fortune raises;  
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the earth,  
 Universally crown'd with highest praises.

SAMSON.

I hear the sound of words, their sense the air  
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

CHORUS.

He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,  
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief;  
 We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown  
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale  
 To visit or bewail thee, or if better,  
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
 Salve to thy sores; apt words have pow'r to swage  
 The tumours of a troubled mind,  
 And are as balm to fester'd wounds.

SAMSON.

Your coming, friends, revives me, for I learn  
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends  
 Bear in their superscription, (of the most  
 I would be understood) in prosp'rous days  
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,  
 How many evils have inclos'd me round;  
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
 Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,  
 How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
 Who like a foolish pilot have shipwrack'd.

My vefsel truſted to me from above,  
 Gloriously rigg'd; and for a word, a tear,  
 Fool, have divulg'd the ſecret gift of God  
 To a deceitful woman? tell me, friends,  
 Am I not fung and proverb'd for a fool  
 In every ſtreet? do they not ſay, how well  
 Are come upon him his deſerts? yet why?  
 Immeaſurable ſtrength they might behold  
 In me, of wiſdom nothing more than mean;  
 This with the other ſhould, at leaſt, have pair'd,  
 Theſe two proportion'd ill drove me tranſverſe.

## CHORUS.

Tax not divine diſpoſal; wiſeſt men  
 Have err'd, and by bad women been deceiv'd;  
 And ſhall again, pretend they ne'er ſo wiſe.  
 Deject not then ſo overmuch thyſelf,  
 Who haſt of ſorrow thy full load beſides;  
 Yet truth to ſay, I oft have heard men wonder  
 Why thou ſhouldeſt wed Philiftian women rather  
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
 At leaſt of thy own nation, and as noble.

## SAMSON.

The firſt I ſaw at Timna, and ſhe pleas'd  
 Me, not my parents, that I ſought to wed  
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not  
 That what I motion'd was of God; I knew  
 From intimate impulſe, and therefore urg'd  
 The marriage on; that by occaſion hence  
 I might begin Iſrael's deliverance,  
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.  
 She proving falſe, the next I took to wife

(O that I never had! fond with too late,)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplish'd snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end; still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

## CHORUS.

In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:  
 Yet Israël still serves with all his sons.

## SAMSON.

That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governors, and heads of tribes,  
 Who seeing those great acts, which God had done  
 Singly by me against their conquerors,  
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd  
 Deliv'rance offer'd: I on th' other side  
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the  
 doer;  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length  
 Their lords the Philistines with gather'd pow'rs  
 Enter'd Judea seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retir'd,  
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best:

Mean while the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harafs of their land, befet me round;  
 I willingly on fome conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,  
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads  
 Touch'd with the flame: on their whole hoft I flew  
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd  
 Their choicest youth; they only liv'd who fled.  
 Had Judah that day join'd, or one whole tribe,  
 They had by this poffess'd the tow'rs of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom now they ferve:  
 But what more oft in nations grown corrupt,  
 And by their vices brought to fervitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty,  
 Bondage with eafe than ftrenuous liberty;  
 And to defpife, or envy, or fufpect  
 Whom God hath of his fpecial favour rais'd  
 As their deliverer; if he ought begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at laft  
 To heap ingratitude on worthieft deeds?

## CHORUS.

Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemn'd,  
 The matchlefs Gideon in purfuit  
 Of Midian and her vanquish'd kings:  
 And how ungrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 Not worfe than by his fhield and fpear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,

Had not his prowess quell'd their pride  
In that fore battle, when so many dy'd  
Without reprieve adjudg'd to death,  
For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

SAMSON.

Of such examples add me to the roll,  
Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

CHORUS.

Just are the ways of God,  
And justifiable to men;  
Unless there be who think not God at all:  
If any be, they walk obscure;  
For of such doctrine never was there school,  
But the heart of the fool,  
And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,  
As to his own edicts found contradicting,  
Then give the reins to wand'ring thought,  
Regardless of his glory's diminution;  
Till by their own perplexities involv'd  
They ravel more, still less resolv'd,  
But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,  
And tie him to his own prescript,  
Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
And hath full right to' exempt  
Whom so it pleases him by choice  
From national obstriction, without taint  
Of sin, or legal debt;  
For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,  
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,  
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down reason then, at least vain reasonings down,  
 Though reason here aver  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean:  
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy reverend sire  
 With careful step, locks white as down,  
 Old Manoah: advise  
 Forthwith how thou oughtst to receive him.

SAMSON.

Aye me, another inward grief awak'd  
 With mention of that name renews th' assault.

MANOAH.

Brethren and men of Dan, for such ye seem,  
 Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,  
 As I suppose, towards your once glory'd friend,  
 My Son now captive, hither hath inform'd  
 Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age  
 Came lagging after; say if he be here.

CHORUS.

As signal now in low dejected state,  
 As erst in high'est, behold him where he lies.

MANOAH.

O miserable change! is this the man,  
 That invincible Samson, far renown'd,



The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,  
None offering fight; who single combatant  
Duell'd their armies rank'd in proud array,  
Himself an army, now unequal match  
To save himself against a coward arm'd  
At one spear's length. O ever failing trust  
In mortal strength! and oh what not in man  
Deceivable and vain? Nay what thing good  
Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
I pray'd for children, and thought barrenness  
In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a son,  
And such a son as all men hail'd me happy;  
Who would be now a father in my stead?  
O wherefore did God grant me my request,  
And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?  
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
Our earnest pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand  
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
For this did th' Angel twice descend? for this  
Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a plant  
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,  
The miracle of men; then in an hour  
Insnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
Thy foes derision, captive, poor and blind,  
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?  
Alas methinks whom God hath chosen once  
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
Subject him to so foul indignities,  
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

## SAMSON.

Appoint not heav'nly difpofition, Father;  
Nothing of all thefe evils hath befall'n me  
But juftly; I myfelf have brought them on,  
Sole author I, fole caufe: if ought feem vile,  
As vile hath been my folly, who' have profan'd  
The mystery of God given me under pledge  
Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,  
A Canaanite, my faithlefs enemy.  
This well I knew, nor was at all furpris'd,  
But warn'd by oft experience: did not fhe  
Of Timna firft betray me, and reveal  
The fecret wrefte'd from me in her height  
Of nuptial love profess'd, carrying it ftraight  
To them who had corrupted her, my fpies,  
And rivals? In this other was there found  
More faith, who alfo in her prime of love,  
Spoufal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
Though offer'd only, by the fcent conceiv'd  
Her fpurious firft-born, treason againft me?  
Thrice fhe affay'd with flattering pray'rs and fighs,  
And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
My capital fecret, in what part my ftrength  
Lay ftor'd, in what part fumm'd, that fhe might know;  
Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to fport  
Her importunity, each time perceiving  
How openly, and with what impudence  
She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worfe  
Than undiffembled hate) with what contempt  
She fought to make me traitor to myfelf;  
Yet the fourth time, when muft'ring all her wiles,

With blandish'd parlies, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night  
 To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out,  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,  
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:  
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd  
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot  
 To honour and religion! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,  
 These rags, this grinding is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,  
 That saw not how degenerately I serv'd.

## MANOAH.

I cannot praise thy marriage choices, Son,  
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsions prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infect our foes.  
 I state not that; this I am sure, our foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms  
 To violate the sacred trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee; which to have kept  
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r: true; and thou bear'st  
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying

That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,  
 This day the Philistines a popular feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza; and proclaim  
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud  
 To Dagon, as their God who hath deliver'd  
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands,  
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
 So Dagon shall be magnify'd, and God,  
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with idols,  
 Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn  
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befall'n thee and thy father's house.

## SAMSON.

Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanc'd his praises high  
 Among the Heathen round; to God have brought  
 Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths  
 Of idolists, and atheists; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols;  
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife  
 With me hath end; all the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon; Dagon hath presum'd,

Me overthrown, to enter lifts with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,  
 But will arise and his great name assert:  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

## MANOAH.

With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words  
 I as a prophecy receive; for God,  
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name  
 Against all competition, nor will long  
 Indure it doubtful whether God be Lord,  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
 Thou must not in the mean while here forgot  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy ransom: well they may by this  
 Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge  
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death inflicted  
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

## SAMSON.

Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble  
 Of that solicitation; let me here,  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment;  
 And expiate, if possible, my crime,  
 Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd

Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt, and scorn of all, to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front?  
 But I God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,  
 Weakly at least, and shamefully: a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn  
 To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

## MANOAH.

Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,  
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son;  
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;  
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself; perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;  
 Who ever more approves and more accepts  
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)  
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,  
 Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd  
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.  
 Reject not then what offer'd means who knows  
 But God hath set before us, to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

## SAMSON.

His pardon I implore; but as for life,  
To what end should I seek it? When in strength  
All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes  
With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts  
Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits,  
Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond  
The sons of Anak, famous now and blaz'd,  
Fearless of danger, like a petty God  
I walk'd about admir'd of all and dreaded  
On hostile ground, none daring my affront.  
Then swoll'n with pride into the snare I fell  
Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life;  
At length to lay my head and hallow'd pledge  
Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
Of a deceitful concubine, who shor'd me  
Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,  
Shav'n, and disarm'd among mine enemies.

## CHORUS.

Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
Thou couldstst repress, nor did the dancing ruby  
Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour, or the smell,  
Or taste that cheers the heart of Gods and men,  
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

## SAMSON.

Wherever fountain or fresh current flow'd  
Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure

With touch ethereal of Heav'n's fiery rod,  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying  
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape  
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

## CHORUS.

O madness, to think use of strongest wines  
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
 When God with these forbidd'en made choice to rear  
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

## SAMSON.

But what avail'd this temp'rance, not complete  
 Against another object more enticing?  
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,  
 And at another to let in the foe,  
 Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,  
 Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,  
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve  
 My nation, and the work from Heav'n impos'd,  
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
 A burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,  
 Or pity'd object; these redundant locks  
 Robustious to no purpose clust'ring down,  
 Vain monument of strength; till length of years  
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
 To a contemptible old age obscure?  
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,  
 Till vermin or the draff of servile food  
 Consume me, and oft-invocated death  
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.



MANOAH.

Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift  
 Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?  
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,  
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age outworn.  
 But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer  
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t' allay  
 After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;  
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength  
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?  
 His might continues in thee not for nought,  
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

SAMSON.

All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,  
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,  
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:  
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems  
 In all her functions weary of herself,  
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,  
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

MANOAH.

Believe not these suggestions which proceed  
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,  
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however  
 Must not omit a father's timely care  
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
 By ransom, or how else: mean while be calm,

And healing words from these thy friends admit.

SAMSON.

O that torment should not be confin'd  
 To the body's wounds and sores,  
 With maladies innumerable  
 In heart, head, breast, and reins;  
 But must secret passage find  
 To th' inmost mind,  
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
 And on her purer spirits prey,  
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
 With answerable pains, but more intense,  
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me  
 As a ling'ring disease,  
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,  
 Nor less than wounds immedicable  
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
 To black mortification.  
 Thoughts my tormentors arm'd with deadly stings  
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
 Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er  
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure:  
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
 And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nursling once and choice delight,  
 His destin'd from the womb,

Promis'd by heav'hly message twice descending.  
Under his special eye  
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds  
Above the nerve of mortal arm  
Against th' uncircumcis'd, our enemies:  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,  
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss  
Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated  
The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;  
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
No long petition, speedy death,  
The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

## CHORUS.

Many are the sayings of the wife  
In ancient and in modern books inroll'd,  
Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;  
And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
All chances incident to man's frail life,  
Consolatories writ  
With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought  
Lenient of grief and anxious thought:  
But with th' afflicted in his pangs their sound  
Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint;  
Unless he feel within  
Some source of consolation from above,

Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,  
And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers, what is man!  
That thou tow'ards him with hand so various,  
Or might I say contrarious,  
Temper'ft thy providence through his short course,  
Not ev'nly, as thou rul'ft  
Th' angelic orders and inferior creatures mute,  
Irrational and brute.  
Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
That wand'ring loofe about  
Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,  
Heads without name no more remembered,  
But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd  
To some great work, thy glory,  
And people's safety, which in part they' effect:  
Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft  
Amidst their height of noon  
Changeft thy count'nance, and thy hand with no regard  
Of highest favours past  
From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,  
But throw'ft them lower than thou didst exalt them  
high,  
Unfeemly falls in human eye,  
Too grievous for the trespass or omission;  
Oft leav'ft them to the hostile sword  
Of Heathen and profane, their carcases  
To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd;

Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of th' ungrateful multitude.  
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deform'd,  
 In crude old age;  
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring  
 The punishment of dissolute days: in fine,  
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of sea or land?  
 Female of sex it seems,  
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarfus, bound for th' iles  
 Of Javan or Gadire  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind;  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem,  
 And now at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy Wife.

SAMSON.

My Wife, my Traitrefs, let her not come near me.

CHORUS.

Yet on the moves, now ftands and eyes thee fix'd,  
About t' have fpoke, but now, with head declin'd  
Like a fair flow'r furcharg'd with dew, ſhe weeps,  
And words addrefs'd ſeem into tears diffolv'd,  
Wetting the borders of her filken veil:  
But now again ſhe makes addrefs to ſpeak.

DALILA.

With doubtful feet and wavering reſolution  
I came, ſtill dreading thy diſpleaſure, Samſon,  
Which to have merited, without excuſe,  
I cannot but acknowledge; yet if tears  
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
In the perverſe event than I foreſaw)  
My penance hath not ſlacken'd, though my pardon  
No way aſſur'd. But conjugal affection  
Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt,  
Hath led me on deſirous to behold  
Once more thy face, and know of thy eſtate,  
If ought in my ability may ſerve  
To lighten what thou ſuffer'ſt, and appeaſe  
Thy mind with what amends is in my power,  
Though late, yet in ſome part to recompenſe  
My raſh but more unfortunate miſdeed.

SAMSON.

Out, out Hyæna; theſe are thy wonted arts,  
And arts of every woman falſe like thee,  
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,

'Then as repentant to submit, beseech,  
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,  
Confess, and promise wonders in her change,  
Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,  
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
Then with more cautious and instructed skill  
Again transgresses, and again submits;  
That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,  
With goodness principled not to reject  
The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
Intangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,  
If not by quick destruction soon cut off  
As I by thee, to ages an example.

## DALILA.

Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd  
By' itself, with aggravations not furcharg'd,  
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,  
I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them, both common female faults:  
Was it not weakness also to make known  
For importunity, that is for nought,  
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?

To what I did thou show'dst me first the way,  
But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not:  
Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:  
Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
Let weakness then with weakness come to parle  
So near related, or the same of kind,  
Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine  
The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
More strength from me, than in thyself was found.  
And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
The jealousy of love, pow'rful of sway  
In human hearts, nor less in mine tow'rds thee,  
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable  
Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou would'st leave me  
As her at Timna, fought by all means therefore  
How to indear, and hold thee to me firmest:  
No better way I saw than by importuning  
To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
The key of strength and safety: thou wilt say,  
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those  
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd  
Against thee but safe custody, and hold:  
That made for me; I knew that liberty  
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;  
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night  
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines,  
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
Fearless at home of partners in my love.  
These reasons in love's law have past for good,



Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps;  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
 Yet always pity' or pardon hath obtain'd.  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

SAMSON.

How cunningly the forcerefs displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine?  
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,  
 By this appears: I gave, thou say'st, th' example,  
 I led the way; bitter reproach, but true;  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me;  
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,  
 Take to thy wicked deed; which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feign'd: weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it, weakness to resist  
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,  
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,  
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore  
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission.  
 But love constrain'd thee; call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to' have love;  
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the  
 way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?

In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

DALILA.

Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;  
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men,  
The constantest, to' have yielded without blame.  
It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
That wrought with me: thou know'st the magistrates  
And princes of my country came in person,  
Solicited, commanded, threaten'd, urg'd,  
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil duty  
And of religion, press'd how just it was,  
How honourable, how glorious to intrap  
A common enemy, who had destroy'd  
Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
Preaching how meritorious with the Gods  
It would be to insnare an irreligious  
Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I  
To' oppose against such pow'rful arguments?  
Only my love of thee held long debate,  
And combated in silence all these reasons  
With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim  
So rise and celebrated in the mouths  
Of wisest men, that to the public good  
Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
Took full possession of me and prevail'd;  
Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so injoining.

## SAMSON.

I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;  
In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy.  
But had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
I before all the daughters of my tribe  
And of my nation chose thee from among  
My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,  
Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,  
Not out of levity, but overpower'd  
By thy request, who could deny thee nothing;  
Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then  
Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,  
Then, as since then, thy country's foe profess'd?  
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
Parents and country; nor was I their subject,  
Nor under their protection but my own,  
Thou mine, not their's: if ought against my life  
Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
Against the law of nature, law of nations,  
No more thy country, but an impious crew  
Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
For which our country is a name so dear;  
Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee;  
To please thy Gods thou didst it: Gods unable  
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be;  
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd.

These false pretexs and varnish'd colours failing,  
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

DALILA.

In argument with men a woman ever  
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

SAMSON.

For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;  
Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

DALILA.

I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson,  
Afford me place to show what recompense  
Tow'rds thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
Misguided; only what remains past cure  
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
T' afflict thyself in vain: though sight be lost,  
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd  
Where other senses want not their delights  
At home in leisure and domestic ease,  
Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.  
I to the lords will intercede, not doubting  
Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
With me, where my redoubled love and care  
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
May ever tend about thee to old age  
With all things grateful cheer'd, and so supply'd,  
That what by me thou' hast lost thou least shalt miss.





*E. H. Burney del.*

*J. Fiddler sculp.*

*Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.  
Sams. Not for thy Life, lest fierce Remembrance wake  
My Sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.*

*Sams. Agonistes p. 123.*

*Published 21. May 1796. for C. Dilly, in the Strand, and the rest of the Proprietors.*

## SAMSON.

No, no, of my condition take no care;  
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:  
 Nor think me so unwary or accurs'd,  
 To bring my feet again into the snare  
 Where once I have been caught; I know thy trains  
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;  
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms  
 No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd,  
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learn'd  
 To fence my ear against thy forceries.  
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate  
 me

Thy husband, slight me, fell me, and forego me;  
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind, and thereby  
 Deceivable, in most things as a child  
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,  
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult,  
 When I must live uxorious to thy will  
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,  
 Bearing my words and doing to the lords  
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile?  
 This jail I count the house of liberty  
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

## DALILA.

Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

## SAMSON.

Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake  
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.  
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that;

Bewail thy falſehood, and the pious works  
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable  
 Among illuſtrious women, faithful wives:  
 Cherish thy haſten'd widowhood with the gold  
 Of matrimonial treaſon: ſo farewel.

## DALILA.

I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf  
 To pray'rs, than winds and ſeas, yet winds to ſeas  
 Are reconcil'd at length, and ſea to ſhore:  
 Thy anger, unappeaſable, ſtill rages,  
 Eternal tempeſt never to be calm'd.  
 Why do I humble thus myſelf, and ſuing  
 For peace, reap nothing but repulſe and hate?  
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand  
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd?  
 To mix with thy concernments I deſiſt  
 Henceforth, nor too much diſapprove my own.  
 Fame if not double-fac'd is double-mouth'd,  
 And with contrary blaſt proclaims moſt deeds;  
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greateſt names in his wild aery flight,  
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all poſterity may ſtand defam'd,  
 With malediſtion mention'd, and the blot  
 Of falſehood moſt unconjugal traduc'd.  
 But in my country where I moſt deſire,  
 In Ecron, Gaza, Aſdod, and in Gath,  
 I ſhall be nam'd among the famous'eſt  
 Of women, ſung at ſolemn feſtivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who to ſave



Her country from a fierce destroyer chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers;  
 Not less renown'd than in mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile  
 Smote Sifera sleeping through the temples nail'd.  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judg'd to' have shown.  
 At this who ever envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

CHORUS.

She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd.

SAMSON.

So let her go, God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

CHORUS.

Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
 After offense returning, to regain  
 Love once possess'd, nor can be easily  
 Repuls'd, without much inward passion felt  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

SAMSON.

Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,  
 Not wedlock-treachery indang'ring life.

CHORUS.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,

Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit  
 That woman's love can win or long inherit;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,  
 (Which way soever men refer it)  
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day  
 Or sev'n, though one should musing sit.

If any of these or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferr'd  
 Thy paranymph, worthless to thee compar'd,  
 Successor in thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosely disally'd  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavish'd on their sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend  
 Or value what is best  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?  
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd,  
 That either they love nothing, or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best  
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin veil,  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a thorn  
 Intestine, far within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms  
 Draws him awry enslav'd

With dotage, and his fenſe deprav'd  
 To folly' and ſhameful deeds which ruin ends.  
 What pilot ſo expert but needs muſt wreck  
 Imbark'd with ſuch a ſteers-mate at the helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds  
 One virtuous rarely found,  
 That in domeſtic good combines:  
 Happy that houſe! his way to peace is ſmooth:  
 But virtue which breaks through all oppoſition,  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Moſt ſhines and moſt is acceptable above.

Therefore God's univerſal law  
 Gave to the man deſpotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile ſhe or lour:

So ſhall he leaſt confuſion draw  
 On his whole life, not ſway'd  
 By female uſurpation, or diſmay'd.

But had we beſt retire, I ſee a ſtorm?

SAMSON.

Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

CHORUS.

But this another kind of tempeſt brings.

SAMSON.

Be leſs abſtruſe, my riddling days are paſt.

CHORUS.

Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue  
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his ſtride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look

Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither  
 I less conjecture than when first I saw  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way:  
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

SAMSON.

Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

CHORUS.

His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

HARAPHA.

I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,  
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
 Though for no friendly' intent. I am of Gath,  
 Men call me Harapha, of flock renown'd  
 As Og or Anak and the Emims old  
 That Kiriathaim held, thou know'st me now  
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd  
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,  
 That I was never present on the place  
 Of those encounters, where we might have try'd  
 Each other's force in camp or lifted field:  
 And now am come to see of whom such noise  
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,  
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

SAMSON.

The way to know were not to see but taste.

HARAPHA.

Dost thou already single me? I thought  
 Gyves and the mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune  
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd.

To' have wrought such wonders with an afs's jaw;  
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,  
 Or left thy carcase where the afs lay thrown:  
 So had the glory' of prowess been recover'd  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
 From the unforeskin'd race, of whom thou bear'st  
 The highest name for valiant acts; that honour  
 Certain to' have won by mortal duel from thee,  
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

SAMSON.

Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do  
 What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

HARAPHA.

To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
 And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

SAMSON.

Such usage as your honourable lords  
 Afford me' assassinated and betray'd,  
 Who durst not with their whole united powers  
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,  
 Nor in the house with chamber ambushes  
 Close-banded durst attack me, no not sleeping,  
 Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold  
 Breaking her marriage faith to circumvent me.  
 Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd  
 Some narrow place inclos'd, where fight may give  
 thee,  
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,  
 Vant-brass and greyes, and gauntlet, add thy spear,

A weaver's beam, and sev'n-times-folded shield,  
 I only with an oaken-staff will meet thee,  
 And raise such outcries on thy clatter'd iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast  
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

HARAPHA.

Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
 Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from  
 Heaven  
 Feign'dst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,  
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
 Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
 Of chaf'd wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

SAMSON.

I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;  
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me  
 At my nativity this strength, diffus'd  
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,  
 Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,  
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy God,  
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,

Which I to be the power of Israel's God  
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Offering to combat thee his champion bold,  
 With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:  
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

## HARAPHA.

Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be,  
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up  
 Into thy enemies hand, permitted them  
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee  
 Into the common prison, there to grind  
 Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,  
 As good for nothing else, no better service  
 With those thy boist'rous locks, no worthy match  
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

## SAMSON.

All these indignities, for such they are  
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon  
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Desy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
 By combat to decide whose God is God,  
 Thine or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

HARAPHA.

Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber.

SAMSON.

Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove me  
these?

HARAPHA.

Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
Their magistrates confess'd it, when they took thee  
As a league-breaker and deliver'd bound  
Into our hands: for hadst thou not committed  
Notorious murder on those thirty men  
At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
Then like a robber stripp'dst them of their robes?  
The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking,  
To others did no violence nor spoil.

SAMSON.

Among the daughters of the Philistines  
I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;  
And in your city held my nuptial feast:  
But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride  
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,  
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.  
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,  
As on my enemies, wherever chanc'd,



I us'd hostility, and took their spoil  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords.  
 It was the force of conquest; force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquer'd can.  
 But I a private person, whom my country  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presum'd  
 Single rebellion and did hostile acts.  
 I was no private but a person rais'd  
 With strength sufficient and command from Heaven  
 To free my country; if their servile minds  
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
 Th' unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.  
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,  
 And had perform'd it, if my own offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant  
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprize of small enforce.

HARAPHA.

With thee, a man condemn'd, a slave inroll'd,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment?  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

SAMSON.

Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?  
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

HARAPHA.

O Baal-zebub! can my ears unus'd  
Hear these dishonours, and not render death?

SAMSON.

No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand  
Fear I incurable; bring up thy van,  
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

HARAPHA.

This insolence other kind of answer fits.

SAMSON.

Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down  
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

HARAPHA.

By Astaroth ere long thou shalt lament  
These braveries in irons loaden on thee.

CHORUS.

His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,  
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
And lower looks, but in a fultry chafe.

SAMSON.

I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,  
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

CHORUS.

He will directly to the lords, I fear,  
And with malicious counsel stir them up  
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

## SAMSON.

He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight  
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise  
Whether he durst accept the' offer or not,  
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd.  
Much more affliction than already felt  
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain;  
If they intend advantage of my labours,  
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping  
With no small profit daily to my owners.  
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove  
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,  
The worst that he can give, to me the best.  
Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

## CHORUS.

Oh how comely it is, and how reviving  
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!  
When God into the hands of their deliverer  
Puts invincible might  
To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,  
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men  
Hardy and industrious to support  
Tyrannic pow'r, but raging to pursue  
The righteous and all such as honour truth;  
He all their ammunition  
And feats of war defeats  
With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
And celestial vigour arm'd,  
Their armouries and magazines contemns,

Renders them ufelefs, while  
 With winged expedition  
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd  
 Lose their defence diftracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercife  
 Of faints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all  
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.  
 Either of thefe is in thy lot,  
 Samfon, with might indued  
 Above the fons of men; but fight bereav'd  
 May chance to number thee with thofe  
 Whom patience finally muft crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of reft,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.  
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,  
 For I defcry this way  
 Some other tending, in his hand  
 A fceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
 Comes on amain, fpeed in his look.  
 By his habit I difcern him now  
 A public officer, and now at hand.  
 His meffage will be fhort and voluble.

OFFICER.

Hebrews, the pris'ner Samfon here I feek.

CHORUS.

His manacles remark him, there he fits.

OFFICER.

Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say;  
 This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
 And now some public proof thereof require  
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly;  
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,  
 Where I will see thee hearten'd and fresh clad  
 To' appear as fits before th' illustrious lords.

SAMSON.

Thou know'st I am an Hebrew, therefore tell them,  
 Our law forbids at their religious rights  
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

OFFICER.

This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

SAMSON.

Have they not sword-players, and every sort  
 Of gymnastic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
 Juglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,  
 And over-labour'd at their public mill,  
 To make them sport with blind activity?  
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels  
 On my refusal to distress me more,  
 Or make a game of my calamities?  
 Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

OFFICER.

Regard thyself, this will offend them highly.

SAMSON.

Myself? my conscience and internal peace.

Can they think me so broken, so debas'd  
 With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
 Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
 Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief  
 To show them feats, and play before their god,  
 The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
 Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

OFFICER.

My message was impos'd on me with speed,  
 Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

SAMSON.

So take it with what speed thy message needs.

OFFICER.

I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

SAMSON.

Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow' indeed.

CHORUS.

Consider, Samson; matters now are strain'd  
 Up to the height, whether to hold or break;  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
 Expect another message more imperious,  
 More lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

SAMSON.

Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
 Of strength, again returning with my hair  
 After my great transgression, so requite  
 Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols;  
 A Nazarite in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon?  
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

CHORUS.

Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,  
 Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

SAMSON.

Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
 Of those who have me in their civil power.

CHORUS.

Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

SAMSON.

Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds.  
 But who constrains me to the temple' of Dagon,  
 Not dragging? the Philistian lords command.  
 Commands are no restraints. If I obey them,  
 I do it freely, vent'ring to displease  
 God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
 Set God behind: which in his jealousy  
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
 Yet that he may dispense with me or thee  
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
 For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

CHORUS.

How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

SAMSON.

Be of good courage, I begin to feel  
 Some rousing motions in me which dispose  
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
 I with this messenger will go along,

Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
 Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
 If there be ought of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

CHORUS.

In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

OFFICER.

Samson, this second message from our lords  
 To thee I am bid say. Art thou our slave,  
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command  
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay;  
 Or we shall find such engines to assail  
 And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
 Though thou wert firmlier fasten'd than a rock.

SAMSON.

I could be well content to try their art,  
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.  
 Yet knowing their advantages too many,  
 Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
 Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
 Masters commands come with a pow'r resistless  
 To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
 (So mutable are all the ways of men)  
 Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
 Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

OFFICER.

I praise thy resolution: doff these links:  
 By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
 To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.



## SAMSON.

Brethren, farewell; your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends; and how the fight  
Of me as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them  
I know not: lords are lordliest in their wine;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fir'd  
With zeal, if ought religion seem concern'd;  
No less the people on their holy-days  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable:  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself,  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

## CHORUS.

Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name  
Great among the heathen round;  
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire; that Spirit that first rush'd on thee  
In the camp of Dan  
Be efficacious in thee now at need.  
For never was from Heav'n imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.  
But wherefore comes old Manoah in such haste

With youthful steps? much livelier than ere while  
 He seems: supposing here to find his son,  
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

MANOAH.

Peace with you, brethren; my inducement hither  
 Was not at present here to find my son,  
 By order of the lords new parted hence  
 To come and play before them at their feast.  
 I heard all as I came, the city rings,  
 And numbers thither flock, I had no will,  
 Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly.  
 But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly  
 To give ye part with me what hope I have  
 With good success to work his liberty.

CHORUS.

That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
 With thee; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

MANOAH.

I have attempted one by one the lords  
 Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
 With supplication prone and father's tears,  
 T' accept of ransom for my son their pris'ner.  
 Some much averse I found and wond'rous harsh,  
 Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;  
 That part most reverenc'd Dagon and his priests:  
 Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
 Private reward, for which both God and state  
 They easily would set to sale: a third  
 More generous far and civil, who confess'd  
 They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd  
 Their foe to misery beneath their fears,

The rest was magnanimity to remit,  
 If some convenient ransom were propos'd.  
 What noise or shout was that? it tore the sky.

## CHORUS.

Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
 Their once great dread, captive, and blind before  
 them,  
 Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

## MANOAH.

His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
 May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
 And number'd down: much rather I shall choose  
 To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,  
 And he in that calamitous prison left.  
 No, I am fix'd not to part hence without him.  
 For his redemption all my patrimony,  
 If need be, I am ready to forego  
 And quit: not wanting him I shall want nothing.

## CHORUS.

Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,  
 Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all:  
 Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,  
 Thou in old age can'st how to nurse thy son  
 Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

## MANOAH.

It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled  
 With all those high exploits by him achiev'd,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,  
 That of a nation arm'd the strength contain'd:  
 And I persuade me God had not permitted

His strength again to grow up with his hair  
 Garrison'd round about him like a camp  
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service,  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.  
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

CHORUS.

Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a father's love,  
 In both which we, as next, participate.

MANOAH.

I know your friendly minds and— O what noise!  
 Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that!  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

CHORUS.

Noise call you it or universal groan,  
 As if the whole inhabitation perish'd!  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

MANOAH.

Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise:  
 Oh it continues, they have slain my son.

CHORUS.

Thy son is rather slaying them, that outcry  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

MANOAH.

Some dismal accident it needs must be;  
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see?

## CHORUS.

Best keep together here, lest running thither  
We unawares run into danger's mouth.  
This evil on the Philistines is fall'n;  
From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,  
From other hands we need not much to fear.  
What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,  
He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?

## MANOAH.

That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

## CHORUS.

Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
For his people of old; what hinders now?

## MANOAH.

He can I know, but doubt to think he will;  
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

## CHORUS.

Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,  
An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

## MESSENGER.

O whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,  
 To' have guided me aright, I know not how,  
 To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these  
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
 As at some distance from the place of horror,  
 So in the sad event too much concern'd.

MANOAH.

The accident was loud, and here before thee  
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;  
 No preface needs, thou see'st we long to know.

MESSENGER.

It would burst forth, but I recover breath  
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

MANOAH.

Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

MESSENGER.

Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fall'n,  
 All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

MANOAH.

Sad, but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
 The desolation of a hostile city.

MESSENGER.

Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

MANOAH.

Relate by whom.

MESSENGER.

By Samson.

MANOAH.

That still lessens  
 The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

MESSENGER.

Ah Manoah, I refrain, too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon;  
Left evil tidings with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

MANOAH.

Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

MESSENGER.

Take then the worst in brief, Samson is dead.

MANOAH.

The worst indeed, O all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence! but death who sets all free  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.  
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,  
How dy'd he; death to life is crown or shame.  
All by him fell thou say'st, by whom fell he?  
What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

MESSENGER.

Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

MANOAH.

Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain.

MESSENGER.

By his own hands.

MANOAH.

Self-violence? what cause  
Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

## MESSENGER.

Inevitable cause  
 At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;  
 The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
 Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

## MANOAH.

O lastly over-strong against thyself!  
 A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
 More than enough we know; but while things yet  
 Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,  
 Eye-witness of what first or last was done;  
 Relation more particular and distinct.

## MESSENGER.

Occasions drew me early to this city,  
 And as the gates I enter'd with sun-rise,  
 The morning trumpets festival proclaim'd  
 Through each high street: little I had dispatch'd,  
 When all abroad was rumour'd that this day  
 Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
 Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;  
 I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded  
 Not to be absent at that spectacle.  
 The building was a spacious theatre  
 Half-round on two main pillars vaulted high,  
 With seats where all the lords and each degree  
 Of fort, might sit in order to behold;  
 The other side was open, where the throng  
 On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;  
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.  
 The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
 Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,



When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad; before him pipes  
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,  
Both horse and foot, before him and behind  
Archers and slingers, cataphraets and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout  
Rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise,  
Who' had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient but undaunted where they led him,  
Came to the place, and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd  
All with incredible, stupendous force,  
None daring to appear antagonist.  
At length for intermission sake they led him  
Between the pillars; he his guide requested  
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)  
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while  
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
That to the arched roof gave main support.  
He unsuspecting led him; which when Samson  
Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,  
And eyes fast fix'd he stood, as one who pray'd,  
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd:  
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,  
"Hitherto, lords, what your commands impos'd  
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,  
Not without wonder or delight beheld:  
Now of my own accord such other trial  
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;

As with amaze shall strike all who behold."  
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,  
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew  
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flow'r, not only  
 Of this but each Philistian city round  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson with these immix'd, inevitably  
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;  
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

## CHORUS.

O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now ly'st victorious  
 Among thy slain self-kill'd  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd  
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more  
 Than all thy life had slain before.

## SEMICHORUS.

While their hearts were jocund and sublime,  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,  
 And fat regorg'd of bulls and goats,  
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread who dwells

In Silo his bright sanctuary:

Among them he a spi'rit of phrenzy sent,

Who hurt their minds,

And urg'd them on with mad desire

To call in haste for their destroyer;

They only set on sport and play

Unweetingly importun'd

Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.

So fond are mortal men

Fall'n into wrath divine,

As their own ruin on themselves t' invite,

Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,

And with blindness internal struck.

SEMICHORUS.

But he though blind of sight,

Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,

With inward eyes illuminated,

His fiery virtue rous'd

From under ashes into sudden flame,

And as an evening dragon came,

Affailant on the perched roofs,

And nests in order rang'd

Of tame villatic fowl; but as an eagle

His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

So virtue giv'n for lost,

Depress'd, and overthrown, as seem'd,

Like that self-begotten bird

In the Arabian woods imboist,

That no second knows nor third,

And lay ere while a holocaust,

From out her ashy womb now teem'd,

Revives, reflourishes, then vigorous most  
 When most inactive deem'd,  
 And though her body die, her fame survives  
 A secular bird ages of lives.

MANOAH.

Come, come, no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finish'd  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israël  
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
 To' himself and father's house eternal fame;  
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,  
 But favouring and assisting to the end,  
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,  
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,  
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
 Let us go find the body where it lies  
 Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream  
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off  
 The clotted gore. I with what speed the while  
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay)  
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend  
 With silent obsequy and funeral train  
 Home to his father's house: there will I build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts inroll'd  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valour, and adventures high:  
The virgins also shall on feastful days  
Visit his tomb with flow'rs, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

## CHORUS.

All is best, though we oft doubt,  
What th' unsearchable dispose  
Of highest wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft he seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously; whence Gaza mourns  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent;  
His servants he with new acquit  
Of true experience from this great event  
With peace and consolation hath dismiss  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.



P O E M S

UPON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

..... BACCARE FRONTEM  
CINGITE, NE VATI NOCEAT MALA LINGUA FUTURO.

VIRGIL, ECLOG. 7.





# P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



I.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT, DYING  
OF A COUGH.

1.

O FAIREST flow'r no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft filken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he being amorous on that lovely dye

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

2.

For since grim Aquilo his charioteer  
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away th' infâmous blot

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was  
held.

## 3.

So mounting up in icy-pearled car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wander'd long, till thee he spy'd from far:  
There ended was his quest, there ceas'd his care,  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,  
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace  
Unhous'd thy virgin soul from her fair biding place.

## 4.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate,  
Young Hyacinth born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth the pride of Spartan land;  
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:  
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

## 5.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,  
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,  
Hid from the world in a low delved tomb;  
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom?

Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

## 6.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most surely blest,  
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)  
Tell me bright Spirit where'er thou hoverest,

Whether above that high first-moving sphere,  
Or in th' Elyfian fields (if fuch there were)

Oh fay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,  
And why from us fo quickly thou didft take thy flight.

## 7.

Wert thou fome ftar which from the ruin'd roof  
Of fhak'd Olympus by mifchance didft fall;  
Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?

Or did of late Earth's fons befiege the wall  
Of fheeny Heav'n, and thou fome Goddeſs fled  
Amongft us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

## 8.

Or wert thou that juſt Maid who once before  
Forfook the hated earth, O tell me footh,  
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?  
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth?  
Or that crown'd matron ſage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that heav'nly brood  
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world ſome good?

## 9.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoſt,  
Who having clad thyſelf in human weed,  
To earth from thy prefixed feat didft poſt,  
And after ſhort abode fly back with ſpeed,  
As if to ſhow what creatures Heav'n doth breed,  
Thereby to fet the hearts of men on fire  
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire?

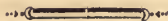
## 10.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below  
To bleſs us with thy heav'n-lov'd innocence,

To flake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

## 11.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child  
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent;  
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give,  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to  
 live.



## II.

## ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, PART  
 LATIN, PART ENGLISH. THE LATIN SPEECHES  
 ENDED, THE ENGLISH THUS BEGAN.

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak  
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
 Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant-lips,  
 Driving dumb silence from the portal door,  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before:

Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,  
That now I use thee in my latter task:  
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,  
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:  
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,  
Believe me I have thither packt the worst:  
And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last.  
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid  
For this same small neglect that I have made:  
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure,  
Not those new fangled toys, and trimming flight  
Which takes our late fantastics with delight,  
But cull those richest robes, and gay'st attire  
Which deepest spirits, and choicest wits desire:  
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
And loudly knock to have their passage out;  
And weary of their place do only stay  
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;  
That so they may without suspect or fears  
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears;  
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
Thy service in some graver subject use,  
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:  
Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door  
Look in, and see each blissful Deity  
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
Lis'ning to what unhorn Apollo sings  
To th' touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings

Immortal nectar to her kingly fire:  
 Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-ey'd Neptune raves,  
 In Heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was;  
 And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous feast,  
 While sad Ulysses foul and all the rest  
 Are held with his melodious harmony  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wand'ring Muse, how thou dost stray!  
 Expectance calls thee now another way,  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:  
 Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

THEN ENS IS REPRESENTED AS FATHER OF THE  
 PREDICAMENTS HIS TEN SONS, WHEREOF THE  
 ELDEST STOOD FOR SUBSTANCE WITH  
 HIS CANONS, WHICH ENS, THUS  
 SPEAKING, EXPLAINS.

Good luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth  
 The fairy ladies danc'd upon the earth;  
 Thy drowfy nurse hath sworn she did them see  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,

And sweetly finging round about thy bed  
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
From eyes of mortals walk invifible:  
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,  
For once it was my difmal hap to hear  
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
That far events full wifely could prefage,  
And in time's long and dark prospective glafs  
Forefaw what future days should bring to pafs;  
Your fon, faid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)  
Shall ſubject be to many an accident.  
O'er all his brethren he ſhall reign as king,  
Yet every one ſhall make him underling;  
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder  
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under;  
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,  
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them;  
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,  
Yet on his brothers ſhall depend for clothing.  
To find a foe it ſhall not be his hap,  
And peace ſhall lull him in her flow'ry lap;  
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door  
Devouring war ſhall never ceafe to roar:  
Yea it ſhall be his natural property  
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity.  
What pow'r, what force, what mighty ſpell, if not  
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

THE NEXT QUANTITY AND QUALITY SPAKE IN  
 PROSE, THEN RELATION WAS CALLED  
 BY HIS NAME.

RIVERS arise; whether thou be the fon  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,  
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads  
 His thirty arms along th' indented meads,  
 Or fullen Mole that runneth underneath,  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,  
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee,  
 Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythian's name,  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal tow'rd Thame.

[The rest was Prose.]



### III.

ON

THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

COMPOSED 1629.

1.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
 Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring;  
 For so the holy sages once did sing,  
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.



## 2.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
 Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high council-table  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside; and here with us to be,  
     Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

## 3.

Say heav'nly muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a present to the infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the Heav'n by the sun's team untrod,  
     Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons  
     bright?

## 4.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;  
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,  
     And join thy voice unto the angel quire,  
 From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

## THE HYMN.

## 1.

It was the winter wild,  
 While the Heav'n-born child  
     All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;

Nature in awe to him  
 Hath dofft her gaudy trim,  
 With her great Master fo to fymphathize :  
 It was no feafon then for her  
 To wanton with the fun her lufly paramour.

## 2.

Only with fpeeches fair  
 She woos the gentle air  
 To hide her guilty front with innocent fnow,  
 And on her naked flame,  
 Pollute with finful blame,  
 The faintly veil of maiden white to throw,  
 Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
 Should look fo near upon her foul deformities.

## 3.

But he her fears to ceafe,  
 Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;  
 She crown'd with olive green, came foftly fliding  
 Down through the turning fphere  
 His ready harbinger,  
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
 And waving wide her myrtle wand,  
 She ftrikes an univerfal peace through fea and land.

## 4.

No war, or battle's found  
 Was heard the world around :  
 The idle fpear and shield were high up hung,  
 The hooked chariot flood,  
 Unftain'd with hostile blood,  
 The trumpet fpake not to the armed throng,  
 And kings fat ftill with awful eye,  
 As if they furely knew their fovereign Lord was by.

## 5.

But peaceful was the night,  
Wherein the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began:  
The winds with wonder whift  
Smoothly the waters kift,  
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm fit brooding on the charmed wave.

## 6.

The stars with deep amaze  
Stand fix'd in stedfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

## 7.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new enlighten'd world no more should need;  
He saw a greater sun appear  
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could  
bear.

## 8.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;  
 Full little thought they then,  
 That the mighty Pan  
 Was kindly come to live with them below;  
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

## 9.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet,  
 As never was by mortal finger strook,  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took:  
 The air such pleasure loath to lose,  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heav'nly close.

## 10.

Nature that heard such sound,  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's feat, the aery region thrilling,  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

## 11.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light,  
 That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd;  
 The helmed Cherubim,  
 And sworded Seraphim,  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,

Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born heir.

12.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
     But when of old the fons of morning sung,  
 While the Creator great  
 His constellations set,  
     And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

13.

Ring out ye crystal spheres,  
 Once bless our human ears,  
     (If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so)  
 And let your silver chime  
 Move in melodious time,  
     And let the base of Heav'n's deep organ blow,  
 And with your ninefold harmony  
 Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.

14.

For if such holy song  
 Inwrap our fancy long,  
     Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,  
 And speckled Vanity  
 Will sicken soon and die,  
     And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,  
 And Hell itself will pass away,  
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

15.

Yea Truth and Justice then  
 Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing  
 Mercy will fit between,  
 Thron'd in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,  
 And Heav'n, as at some festival,  
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

16.

But wisest Fate says no,  
 This must not yet be so,

The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,  
 That on the bitter cross  
 Must redeem our loss;

So both himself and us to glorify:  
 Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through  
 the deep,

17.

With such a horrid clang  
 As on mount Sinai rang,

While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake:  
 The aged earth aghast,  
 With terrour of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake;  
 When at the world's last session,  
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

18.

And then at last our bliss  
 Full and perfect is,

But now begins; for from this happy day  
 Th' old Dragon under ground  
 In straiter limits bound,  
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway,

And wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## 19.

The oracles are dumb,  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell  
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

## 20.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edg'd with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;  
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn  
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

## 21.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth,  
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar pow'r forgoes his wonted feat.

## 22.

Peor and Baälim  
Forfake their temples dim,

With that twice batter'd God of Palestine;  
 And mooned Ashtaroth,  
 Heav'n's queen and mother both,  
 Now fits not girt with tapers holy shine;  
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,  
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz  
 mourn.

23.

And fullen Moloch fled,  
 Hath left in shadows dread  
 His burning idol all of blackest hue;  
 In vain with cymbals ring  
 They call the grisly king,  
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue;  
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
 Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis haste.

24.

Nor is Osiris seen  
 In Memphian grove or green,  
 Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:  
 Nor can he be at rest  
 Within his sacred chest,  
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;  
 In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark  
 The fable-stoled forcerers bear his worshipt ark.

25.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded infant's hand,  
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn  
 Nor all the gods beside,  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:



Our babe to show his godhead true,  
Can in his swadling bands control the damned crew.

26.

So when the sun in bed,  
Curtain'd with cloudy red,  
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
The flocking shadows pale  
Troop to th' infernal jail,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,  
And the yellow-skirted Fayses  
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd  
maze.

27.

But see the virgin blest  
Hath laid her babe to rest,  
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:  
Heav'n's youngest teemed star  
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,  
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:  
And all about the courtly stable  
Bright-harnest angels fit in order serviceable.



## IV.

## THE PASSION.

1.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,  
And joyous news of heav'nly infant's birth,

My muse with angels did divide to sing;  
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,

In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light  
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

## 2.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
Which he for us did freely undergo:

Most perfect hero, try'd in heaviest plight  
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

## 3.

He sov'reign Priest stooping his regal head,  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,  
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies;  
O what a mask was there, what a disguise!

Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide,  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

## 4.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse,  
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound;  
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings other where are found;  
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound;  
Me softer airs besit, and softer strings  
Of lute, or viol still more apt for mournful things.

## 5.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief,  
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,

That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my woe;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish  
white.

## 6.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirl'd the Prophet up at Chebar flood,  
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,  
To bear me where the tow'rs of Salem stood,  
Once glorious tow'rs, now sunk in guiltless blood;

There doth my soul in holy vision fit  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

## 7.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
That was the casket of Heav'n's richest store,  
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,  
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score  
My plaining verse as lively as before;

For sure so well instructed are my tears,  
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

## 8.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,  
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild,  
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud  
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

## V.

## ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race,  
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,  
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
And merely mortal dross;  
So little is our loss,  
So little is thy gain.  
For when as each thing bad thou hast intomb'd,  
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,  
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss;  
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,  
When every thing that is sincerely good  
And perfectly divine,  
With truth, and peace, and love, shall ever shine  
About the supreme throne  
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone  
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,  
Then all this earthy grossness quit,  
Attir'd with stars, we shall for ever sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,  
O Time.

## VI.

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Pow'rs, and winged Warriours bright  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:  
 He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilere  
 Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love or law more just?  
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we by rightful doom remediless  
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above  
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness;  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart  
 This day, but O ere long  
 Huge pangs and strong  
 Will pierce more near his heart.

## VII.

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heav'n's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd pow'r employ  
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,  
 And to our high-raisd phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure concert,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne  
 To him that sits thereon  
 With faintly shout, and solemn jubilee;  
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row  
 Their loud up-lifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly;  
 That we on earth with undiscording voice  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
 Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
 To his celestial concert us unite,  
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

## VIII.

## AN EPITAPH

ON THE

## MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth enter  
The honour'd wife of Winchester,  
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,  
Besides what her virtues fair  
Added to her noble birth,  
More than she could own from earth.  
Summers three times eight save one  
She had told; alas too soon,  
After so short time of breath,  
To house with darknes, and with death.  
Yet had the number of her days  
Been as complete as was her praise,  
Nature and fate had had no strife  
In giving limit to her life.  
Her high birth, and her graces sweet  
Quickly found a lover meet;  
The virgin quire for her request  
The god that sits at marriage feast;  
He at their invoking came  
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;  
And in his garland as he stood,  
Ye might discern a cypres bud.  
Once had the early matrons run  
To greet her of a lovely son,  
And now with second hope she goes,  
And calls Lucina to her throes;

But whether by mischance or blame  
Atropos for Lucina came;  
And with remorseless cruelty  
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:  
The hapless babe before his birth  
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,  
And the languish'd mother's womb  
Was not long a living tomb.  
So have I seen some tender slip,  
Sav'd with care from winter's nip,  
The pride of her carnation train,  
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,  
Who only thought to crop the flow'r  
New shot up from vernal show'r;  
But the fair blossom hangs the head  
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,  
And those pearls of dew she wears,  
Prove to be presaging tears,  
Which the sad morn had let fall  
On her hast'ning funeral.  
Gentle lady, may thy grave  
Peace and quiet ever have;  
After this thy travel fore  
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,  
That to give the world increase,  
Short'ned hast thy own life's lease.  
Here, besides the forrowing  
That thy noble house doth bring,  
Here be tears of perfect moan  
Wept for thee in Helicon,  
And some flowers, and some bays;  
For thy hearse, to strow the ways,



Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name;  
 Whilst thou, bright faint, high fit't in glory  
 Next her much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdes,  
 Who after years of barrenness,  
 The highly-favour'd Joseph bore  
 To him that serv'd for her before,  
 And at her next birth mach like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing majesty and light:  
 There with thee, new welcome faint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No marchioness, but now a queen.



## IX.

## SONG.

## ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.  
 Hail bounteous May that dost inspire  
 Mirth and youth and warm desire;

Woods and groves are of thy dressing,  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



## X.

## ON SHAKESPEAR. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespear for his honour'd bones  
 The labour of an age in piled stones,  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witnesses of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.  
 For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;  
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

## XI.

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

WHO SICKENED IN THE TIME OF HIS VACANCY, BEING  
FORBID TO GO TO LONDON, BY REASON  
OF THE PLAGUE.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,  
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt,  
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,  
He's here stuck in a flough, and overthrown.  
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,  
Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
For he had any time this ten years full,  
Dodg'd with him, betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.  
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,  
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;  
But lately finding him so long at home,  
And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
In the kind office of a chamberlain  
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,  
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:  
If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
Hobson has supt, and's newly gone to bed.

## XII.

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot,  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:  
 And like an engine mov'd with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceas'd, he ended straight.  
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he ficken'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;  
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,  
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,  
 "But vow," though the cros's doctors all stood hearers,  
 "For one carrier put down to make six bearers."  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He dy'd for heaviness that his cart went light:  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That ev'n to his last breath (there be that say't)  
 As he were press'd to death, he cry'd more weight;





Published 25. May 1796. for C. Dilly, in the Strand, and the rest of the Proprietors.

But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate  
 Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription.



## XIII.

## L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
 In Stygian cave forlorn,  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings;  
 There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
 But come thou goddess fair and free,  
 In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,  
 And by men, heart-easing Mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
 With two sister graces more  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;

Or whether (as some fager sing)  
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a maying,  
There on beds of violets blue,  
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,  
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful Jollity,  
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreath'd smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple fleek;  
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides.  
Come, and trip it as you go  
On the light fantastic toe,  
And in thy right hand lead with thee,  
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
And if I give thee honour due,  
Mirth, admit me of thy crew  
To live with her, and live with thee,  
In unreprieved pleasures free;  
To hear the lark begin his flight,  
And singing startle the dull night,  
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
Then to come in spite of sorrow,  
And at my window bid good morrow,  
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:



While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
Stoutly struts his dames before:  
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,  
From the side of some hoar hill,  
Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
Some time walking not unseen  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,  
Right against the eastern gate,  
Where the great sun begins his state,  
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,  
While the plowman near at hand  
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd tells his tale  
Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures  
Whilst the landscape round it measures,  
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
Are at their favoury dinner set  
Of herbs, and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;  
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;  
Or if the earlier season lead  
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.  
Sometimes with secure delight  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And the jocund rebecks found  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the live-long daylight fail;  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How fairy Mab the junkets eat,  
She was pincht, and pull'd she said,  
And he by friar's lantern led  
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,

And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.  
Tow'ring cities please us then,  
And the busy hum of men,  
Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize  
Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace, whom all commend.  
There let Hymen oft appear  
In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
With mask, and antique pageantry,  
Such sights as youthful poets dream  
On summer eves by haunted stream.  
Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Johnson's learned sock be on,  
Or swiftest Shakespear, fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
And ever against eating cares,  
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
Married to immortal verse,  
Such as the meeting soul may pierce  
In notes, with many a winding bout  
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony;

That Orpheus self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heapt Elyfian flow'rs, and hear  
 Such ftrains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite fet free  
 His half regain'd Eurydice.  
 Thefe delights if thou canft give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



## XIV.

## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,  
 The brood of folly without father bred,  
 How little you befted,  
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys?  
 Dwell in fome idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy fhapes poffefs,  
 As thick and numberlefs  
 As the gay motes that people the fun-beams,  
 Or likeft hovering dreams  
 The fickle penfioners of Morpheus train.  
 But hail thou goddefs, fage and holy,  
 Hail divineft Melancholy,  
 Whofe faintly vifage is too bright  
 To hit the fenfe of human fight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, ftaid wifdom's hue;



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Black, but such as in esteem  
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,  
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove  
To set her beauties praise above  
The Sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:  
Yet thou art higher far descended,  
The bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore  
To solitary Saturn bore;  
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,  
Such mixture was not held a stain).  
Oft in glimmering bow'rs and glades  
He met her, and in secret shades  
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
Come penfive Nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure,  
All in a robe of darkest grain,  
Flowing with majestic train,  
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,  
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
With even step, and musing gait,  
And looks commercing with the skies,  
Thy rapt soul fitting in thine eyes:  
There held in holy passion still,  
Forget thyself to marble, till  
With a sad leaden downward cast  
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
And hears the muses in a ring  
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retired Leisure,  
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;  
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,  
Him that yon soars on golden wing,  
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,  
The cherub Contemplation;  
And the mute Silence lift along,  
'Lest Philomel will deign a song,  
In her sweetest, saddest plight,  
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,  
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,  
Gently o'er th' accusom'd oak;  
Sweet bird that shunn'ft the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!  
Thee chauntress oft the woods among  
I woo to hear thy even-song;  
And missing thee, I walk unseen  
On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
To behold the wand'ring moon,  
Riding near her highest noon,  
Like one that had been led astray  
Through the Heav'n's wide pathless way,  
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,  
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging slow with fullen roar;  
Or if the air will not permit,  
Some still removed place will fit,  
Where glowing embers through the room  
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,



Far from all resort of mirth,  
Save the cricket on the hearth,  
Or the belman's drowsy charm,  
To bless the doors from nightly harm:  
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,  
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,  
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,  
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
The spirit of Plato to unfold  
What worlds, or what vast regions hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
And of those Demons that are found  
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
Whose power hath a true consent  
With planet, or with element.  
Sometime let gorgeous tragedy  
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops line,  
Or the tale of Troy divine,  
Or what (though rare) of later age  
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.  
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power  
Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
Such notes, as warbled to the string,  
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
And made Hell grant what love did seek.  
Or call up him that left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold,  
Of Camball, and of Algarfise,  
And who had Canace to wife,

That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,  
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,  
On which the Tartar king did ride;  
And if ought elſe great bards beſide  
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,  
Of turneys and of trophies hung,  
Of forests, and inchantments drear,  
Where more is meant than meets the ear.  
Thus Night oft ſee me in thy pale career,  
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,  
Not trickt and frounct as ſhe was wont  
With the Attic boy to hunt,  
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,  
While rocking winds are piping loud,  
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,  
When the guſt hath blown his fill,  
Ending on the ruſſling leaves,  
With minute drops from off the eaves.  
And when the ſun begins to ſling  
His flaring beams, me goddeſs bring  
To arched walks of twilight groves,  
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves  
Of pine, or monumental oak,  
Where the rude axe with heaved ſtroke  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.  
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,  
Where no profaner eye may look,  
Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,  
And the waters murmuring,

With such concert as they keep,  
Entice the dewy feather'd sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in aery stream  
Of lively portraiture display'd,  
Softly on my eye-lids laid.  
And as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.  
But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloisters pale,  
And love the high embowed roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light.  
There let the pealing organ blow,  
To the full voic'd quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.  
And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heav'n doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.  
These pleasures Melancholy give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

## XV.

## A R C A D E S.

PART OF AN ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTED TO THE  
 COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DERBY AT HAREFIELD,  
 BY SOME NOBLE PERSONS OF HER FAMILY,  
 WHO APPEAR ON THE SCENE IN PAS-  
 TORAL HABIT, MOVING TOWARD  
 THE SEAT OF STATE, WITH  
 THIS SONG.

## 1. S O N G.

Look nymphs, and shepherds look,  
 What sudden blaze of majesty  
 Is that which we from hence descry,  
 Too divine to be mistook:

    This, this is she  
 To whom our vows and wishes bend;  
 Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raise,  
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,  
 We may justly now accuse  
 Of detraction from her praise;  
 Less than half we find express,  
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
 In circle round her shining throne,  
 Shooting her beams like silver threads;

This, this is she alone,  
 Sitting like a goddess bright,  
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wife Latona be,  
 Or the tow'ring Cybele,  
 Mother of a hundred gods;  
 Juno dares not give her odds;  
 Who had thought this clime had held  
 A deity so unparallel'd?

AS THEY COME FORWARD, THE GENIUS OF THE  
 WOOD APPEARS, AND TURNING  
 TOWARD THEM, SPEAKS.

### GENIUS.

STAY, gentle swains, for though in this disguise,  
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung  
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who by secret sluice  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver-buskin'd nymphs as great and good,  
 I know this quest of yours, and free intent  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity;

And lead ye where ye may more near behold  
What fhallow-fearching Fame hath left untold;  
Which I full oft amidft thefe fhades alone  
Have fat to wonder at, and gaze upon:  
For know by lot from Jove I am the power  
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
To nurfe the faplings tall, and curl the grove  
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.  
And all my plants I fave from nightly ill  
Of noifome winds, and blafing vapours chill:  
And from the boughs bruflh off the evil dew,  
And heal the arms of thwarting thunder blue,  
Or what the crofs dire-looking planet fmites,  
Or hurtful worm with canker'd venom bites.  
When evening gray doth rife, I fetch my round  
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,  
And early ere the odorous breath of morn  
Awakes the flumb'ring leaves, or taffel'd horn  
Shakes the high thicket, hafte I all about,  
Number my ranks, and vifit every fprout  
With puiffant words, and murmurs made to blefs;  
But elfe in deep of night, when drowfnefs  
Hath lock'd up mortal fenfe, then liften I  
To the celeftial Sirens harmony,  
That fit upon the nine infolded fpheres,  
And fing to thofe that hold the vital fhears,  
And turn the adamantine fpindle round,  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such fweet compulfion doth in mufic lie,  
To lull the daughters of Neceffity,  
And keep unfteady Nature to her law,  
And the low world in meafur'd motion draw

After the heav'nly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear;  
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,  
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state;  
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

## 2. S O N G.

O'ER the smooth enamell'd green,  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
 Follow me as I sing,  
 And touch the warbled string,  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof.  
     Follow me,  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

## 3. S O N G.

NYMPHS and shepherds dance no more  
By fandy Ladon's liliated banks,  
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar  
Trip no more in twilight ranks,  
Though Erymanth your losfs deplore,  
A better foil shall give ye thanks.  
From the stony Mænalus  
Bring your flocks, and live with us,  
Here ye shall have greater grace,  
To serve the Lady of this place.  
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her,  
Such a rural Queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.



XVI.

A

M A S K

PRESENTED

AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634,

BEFORE

*THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,*

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

## THE PERSONS.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, AFTERWARDS IN THE  
HABIT OF THYRSIS.

COMUS WITH HIS CREW.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA THE NYMPH.



THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE,

THE LORD BRACKLY.

MR. THOMAS EGERTON HIS BROTHER.

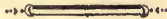
THE LADY ALICE EGERTON.

A

M A S K.

THE FIRST SCENE DISCOVERS A WILD WOOD.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT DESCENDS OR ENTERS.



BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd  
In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,  
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care  
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives  
After this mortal change to her true servants  
Amongst the enthron'd Gods on fainted seats.  
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire,  
To lay their just hands on that golden key,  
That opes the palace of eternity:  
To such my errand is; and but for such,

I would not foil these pure ambrosial weeds  
With the rank vapours of this fin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune besides the sway  
Of every salt flood, and each cbbing stream,  
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,  
That like to rich and various gems inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep,  
Which he to grace his tributary Gods  
By course commits to several government,  
And gives them leave to wear their saphire crowns,  
And wield their little tridents: but this Isle,  
The greatest and the best of all the main,  
He quarters to his blue-hair'd deities;  
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide  
An old, and haughty nation proud in arms:  
Where his fair offspring nurs'd in princely lore  
Are coming to attend their father's state,  
And new-intrusted sceptre; but their way  
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,  
The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
Threats the forlorn and wand'ring passenger;  
And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
But that by quick command from sovereign Jove  
I was dispatch'd for their defence and guard;  
And listen why, for I will tell you now  
What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape

Crush'd the sweet poison of misused wine,  
After the Tuscan mariners transform'd,  
Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds lifted,  
On Circe's island fell: (Who knows not Circe  
The daughter of the sun? whose charmed cup  
Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,  
And downward fell into a groveling swine)  
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clust'ring locks,  
With ivy berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,  
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
Much like his father, but his mother more,  
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus nam'd,  
Who ripe, and frolic of his full grown age,  
Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,  
At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
And in thick shelter of black shades imbrow'd  
Excels his mother at her mighty art,  
Offering to every weary traveller  
His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
To quench the drowth of Phœbus, which as they taste,  
(For most do taste through fond intemp'rate thirst)  
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
Th' express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd  
Into some brutish form of wolf, or bear,  
Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
All other parts remaining as they were;  
And they, so perfect is their misery,  
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
But boast themselves more comely than before,  
And all their friends and native home forget,  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.

Therefore when any favour'd of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this advent'rous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star  
 I shoot from Heav'n, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do: But first I must put off  
 These my sky robes spun out of Iris woof,  
 And take the weeds and likenesses of a swain,  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods, nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch,  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

COMUS ENTERS WITH A CHARMING ROD IN ONE HAND,  
 HIS GLASS IN THE OTHER; WITH HIM A ROUT OF  
 MONSTERS, HEADED LIKE SUNDRY SORTS OF WILD  
 BEASTS, BUT OTHERWISE LIKE MEN AND WOMEN,  
 THEIR APPAREL GLISTERING; THEY COME IN  
 MAKING A RIOTOUS AND UNRULY NOISE, WITH  
 TORCHES IN THEIR HANDS.

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold  
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream,  
 And the slope sun his upward beam

Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feast,  
Midnight Shout, and Revelry,  
Tipfy Dance, and Jollity.  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
Rigour now is gone to bed,  
And Advice with scrupulous head,  
Strict Age, and four Severity  
With their grave faws in slumber lie.  
We that are of purer fire  
Imitate the starry quire,  
Who in their nightly watchful spheres,  
Lead in swift round the months and years.  
The founts and seas, with all their finny drove,  
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
And on the tawny sands and shelves  
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,  
The Wood-Nymphs deck'd with daisies trim,  
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
What hath night to do with sleep?  
Night hath better sweets to prove,  
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
Come let us our rites begin,  
'Tis only day-light that makes sin,  
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
Hail Goddess of nocturnal sport,  
Dark-veil'd Cotytto, t' whom the secret flame  
Of mid-night torches burns; mysterious dame,

That ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air,  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou rid'st with Hecat', and befriend  
 Us thy vow'd priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice morn on th' Indian steep  
 From her cabin loophole peep,  
 And to the tell-tale sun descry  
 Our conceal'd solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees;  
 Our number may affright: Some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,  
 And to my wily trains; I shall ere long  
 Be well-stock'd with as fair a herd as graz'd  
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl  
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of pow'r to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight,  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course;



I under fair pretence of friendly ends,  
 And well plac'd words of glozing courtesy  
 Baited with reasons not unplaufible,  
 Wind me into the eafy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into fnares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic duft,  
 I fhall appear fome harmlefs villager,  
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
 But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide,  
 And hearken, if I may, her buſinefs here.

## THE LADY ENTERS.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,  
 My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound  
 Of riot and ill manag'd merriment,  
 Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe  
 Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,  
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
 In wanton dance they praife the bounteous Pan,  
 And thank the Gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath  
 To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd infolence  
 Of ſuch late waſſailers; yet O where elſe  
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?  
 My brothers, when they ſaw me wearied out  
 With this long way, reſolving here to lodge  
 Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,  
 Stept, as they ſaid, to the next thicket ſide  
 To bring me berries, or ſuch cooling fruit  
 As the kind hoſpitable woods provide.

They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even;  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest  
They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too far,  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me; else, O thievish Night,  
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,  
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller?  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,  
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
What might this be? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
And aery tongues, that syllable men's names  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.  
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
By a strong fiding champion, conscience.—  
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity;  
I see ye visibly, and now believe  
That he, the Supreme Good, to' whom all things ill  
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,

Would fend a glist'ring guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unaffail'd.  
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err, there does a fable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enliven'd spirits  
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

## S O N G.

SWEET Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
     Within thy aery shell,  
     By flow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroider'd vale,  
     Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
     That likest thy Narcissus are?  
     O if thou have  
     Hid them in some flow'ry cave,  
     Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies:

## COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence:  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smil'd! I have oft heard  
 My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flow'ry-kirtled Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,  
 Who as they fung would take the prison'd soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause:  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;  
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the Goddesses that in rural shrine  
 Dwell't here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosp'rous growth of this tall wood.

## LADY.

Nay gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is address'd to unattending ears;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my fever'd company,  
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

LADY.

They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS.

By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY.

To seek i' th' valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

COMUS.

Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

LADY.

How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY.

No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.

As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips.

COMUS.

Two such I saw, what time the about'd ox  
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat;  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood:  
 I took it for a fairy vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element,  
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,  
 And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,  
 And as I pass, I worship; if those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven,  
 To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,  
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet.

COMUS.

I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,

And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
 And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,  
 Or shrowd within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed lark  
 From her thatcht pallat rouse; if otherwise  
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe  
 Till further quest.

## LADY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
 And courts of princes, where it first was nam'd,  
 And yet is most pretended: In a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

## THE TWO BROTHERS.

## ELDER BROTHER.

Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon,  
 That wont'st to love the traveller's benizon,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darknes and of shades;  
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole

Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,  
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,  
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

## SECOND BROTHER.

Or if our eyes  
 Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear  
 The folded flocks penn'd in their wattled cotes,  
 Or sound of past'ral reed with oaten stops,  
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,  
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering  
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
 But O that hapless virgin, our lost sister,  
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?  
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.  
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,  
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

## ELDER BROTHER.

Peace, brother, be not over-exquisite  
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;  
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
 Or if they be but false alarms of fear,  
 How bitter is such self-delusion?  
 I do not think my sister so to seek,



Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
 As that the single want of light and noise  
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.  
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self  
 Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
 Where with her best nurse contemplation  
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
 That in the various bustle of resort  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.  
 He that has light within his own clear breast  
 May sit i'th' centre, and enjoy bright day:  
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,  
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
 Himself is his own dungeon.

## SECOND BROTHER.

'Tis most true,  
 That musing meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate house;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his grey hairs any violence?  
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,

To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit  
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unfunn'd heaps  
 Of misers treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope  
 Danger will wink on opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night, or loneliness it recks me not;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

ELDER BROTHER.

I do not, brother,  
 Infer, as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt, or controversy:  
 Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear  
 Does arbitrate th' event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine: she' has a hidden strength  
 Which you remember not.

SECOND BROTHER.

What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

ELDER BROTHER.

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:  
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:  
 She that has that, is clad in complete steel,

And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen  
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,  
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer  
Will dare to foil her virgin purity:  
Yea there, where very desolation dwells  
By grots, and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
That breaks his magic chains at Curfeu time,  
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,  
Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece .  
To testify the arms of chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lions  
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o'th' woods.  
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,  
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,  
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence

With sudden adoration, and blank awe?  
 So dear to Heav'n is faintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream, and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults, and sepulchres,  
 Ling'ring, and fitting by a new made grave,  
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

## SECOND BROTHER.

How charming is divine philosophy!  
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
 And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,  
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

ELDER BROTHER.

Lift, lift, I hear  
Some far off halloo break the silent air.

SECOND BROTHER.

Methought so too; what should it be?

ELDER BROTHER.

For certain  
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,  
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,  
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SECOND BROTHER.

Heav'n keep my sifter. Again, again, and near;  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

ELDER BROTHER.

I'll halloo;  
If he be friendly, he comes well; if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, HABITED LIKE  
A SHEPHERD.

That halloo I should know, what are you? speak;  
Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

SPIRIT.

What voice is that? my young lord? speak again.

SECOND BROTHER.

O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis? whose artful strains have oft delay'd  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale.

How cam'st thou here, good swain? hath any ram  
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forfook?  
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

SPIRIT.

O my lov'd master's heir, and his next joy,  
 I came not here on such a trivial toy  
 As a stray'd ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought  
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
 But, O my virgin lady, where is she?  
 How chance she is not in your company?

ELDER BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,  
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

SPIRIT.

Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly show.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous,  
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)  
 What the sage poets, taught by th' heav'nly muse,  
 Story'd of old in high immortal verse,  
 Of dire chimeras and enchanted isles,  
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;  
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,  
 Immur'd in cypress shades a forcerer dwells,  
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,

Deep skill'd in all his mother's witcheries,  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likenefs of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Charácter'd in the face; this have I learnt  
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,  
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night  
He and his monftrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells,  
To' inveigle and invite th' unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks  
Had ta'en their supper on the favoury herb  
Of knot-grafs dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honey-suckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And fill'd the air with barbarous dissonance;  
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a while,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy flighted flocks,

That draw the litter of close curtain'd sleep ;  
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound  
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,  
 And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
 Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd she might  
 Deny her nature, and be never more,  
 Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,  
 And took in strains that might create a foul  
 Under the ribs of death: but O ere long  
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
 Of my most honour'd lady, your dear sister.  
 Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,  
 And O poor hapless nightingale thought I,  
 How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place,  
 Where that damn'd wizard hid in sly disguise  
 (For so by certain signs I knew) had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The idle's innocent lady his wish'd prey,  
 Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd  
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here,  
 But further know I not.

## SECOND BROTHER.

O night and shades,  
 How are ye join'd with Hell in triple knot,  
 Against th' unarmed weakness of one virgin



Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence  
You gave me, brother?

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still,  
Lean on it safely; not a period  
Shall be unpaid for me: against the threats  
Of malice or of forcery, or that power  
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,  
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,  
Surpris'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd;  
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,  
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory:  
But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
And mix no more with goodness, when at last  
Gather'd like scum, and settled to itself,  
It shall be in eternal restless change  
Self-fed, and self-consumed: if this fail,  
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,  
And earth's base built on stubble. But come let's on,  
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heaven  
May never this just sword be lifted up;  
But for that damn'd magician, let him be girt  
With all the grisly legions that troop  
Under the footy flag of Acheron,  
Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
And force him to restore his purchase back,  
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
Curs'd as his life.

SPIRIT.

Alas! good ventrous youth,

I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead;  
 Far other arms, and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms:  
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy sinews.

ELDER BROTHER.

Why prithee, shepherd,  
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,  
 As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Care and utmost shifts  
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd  
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb,  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:  
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,  
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
 Would sit, and hearken ev'n to ecstasy,  
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
 And show me simples of a thousand names,  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:  
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil:  
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;  
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that moly

That Hermes once to wife Ulyffes gave;  
 He call'd it hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bad me keep it as of fovereign ufe  
 'Gainst all inchantments, mildew, blaft, or damp,  
 Or ghafly furies apparition.

I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compell'd:  
 But now I find it true; for by this means  
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,  
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off: if you have this about you,  
 (As I will give you when we go) you may  
 Boldly affault the necromancer's hall;  
 Where if he be, with dauntlefs hardihood,  
 And brandish'd blade rufh on him, break his glafs,  
 And fhed the luscious liquor on the ground,  
 But feize his wand; though he and his curs'd crew  
 Fierce fign of battle make, and menace high,  
 Or like the fons of Vulcan vomit fmoke,  
 Yet will they foon retire, if he but fhink.

## ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrfis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,  
 And fome good angel bear a fhield before us.

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A STATELY PALACE, SET OUT  
 WITH ALL MANNER OF DELICIOUSNESS: SOFT MU-  
 SIC, TABLES SPREAD WITH ALL DAINTIES. COMUS  
 APPEARS WITH HIS RABBLE, AND THE LADY SET  
 IN AN ENCHANTED CHAIR, TO WHOM HE OFFERS  
 HIS GLASS, WHICH SHE PUTS BY, AND GOES ABOUT  
 TO RISE.

COMUS.

Nay, lady, fit; if I but wave this wand,  
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in alabaſter,  
 And you a ſtatue, or as Daphne was  
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY.

Fool, do not boaſt,  
 Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my mind  
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
 Thou haſt immanacl'd, while Heav'n fees good.

COMUS.

Why are you vex'd, lady? why do you frown?  
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from theſe gates  
 Sorrow flies far: ſee here be all the pleaſures  
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
 When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns  
 Briſk as the April buds in primroſe-ſeaſon.  
 And firſt behold this cordial julep here,  
 That flames, and dances in his cryſtal bounds,  
 With ſpi'rits of balm, and fragrant fyrups mix'd.  
 Not that Nepenthe, which the wife of Thone  
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,  
 Is of ſuch pow'r to ſtir up joy as this,  
 To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.  
 Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to yourſelf,  
 And to thoſe dainty limbs which Nature lent  
 For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?  
 But you invert the covenants of her truſt,  
 And harſhly deal like an ill-borrower  
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms,  
 Scorning the unexempt condition

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
 That have been tir'd all day without repast,  
 And timely rest have wanted; but fair virgin,  
 This will restore all soon.

LADY.

'Twill not, false traitor,  
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
 That thou hast banish'd from thy tongue with lies.  
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode  
 Thou toldst me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me?  
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;  
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence  
 With visor'd falsehood, and base forgery?  
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
 With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute?  
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none  
 But such as are good men can give good things,  
 And that which is not good, is not delicious  
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

COMUS.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears  
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,

But all to please, and fate the curious taste ?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk  
 To deck her fons, and that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hutcht th' all-worshipt-ore, and precious gems  
 To store her children with : if all the world  
 Should in a pet of temp'rance feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 Th' all-giver would be' unthank'd, would be unprais'd,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her fons,  
 Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,  
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility,  
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air darkt with  
     plumes,  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and th' unsought  
     diamonds,  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
 Lift lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd  
 With that same vaunted name virginity.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin, must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current, and the good thereof  
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself;

If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, in feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;  
 It is for homely features to keep home,  
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctur'd lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts,  
 Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

## LADY.

I had not thought to have unlockt my lips  
 In this unhallow'd air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,  
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
 Impostor, do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance; she good caterefs  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:  
 If every just man, that now pines with want,  
 Had but a moderate and beseeming share  
 Of that which newly pamper'd luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd

In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no whit incumber'd with her store,  
 And then the giver would be better thank'd,  
 His praise due paid; for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with befotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?  
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad pow'r of chastity,  
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul to apprehend  
 The súblime notion, and high mystery,  
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of virginity,  
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinc'd;  
 Yet should I try, the uncontrolled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,  
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and  
     shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures rear'd so high,  
 Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

## COMUS.

She fables not, I feel that I do fear  
 Her words set off by some superior power;



And though not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Satan's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation;  
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:  
 But this will cure all fright, one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.—

THE BROTHERS RUSH IN WITH SWORDS DRAWN,  
 WREST HIS GLASS OUT OF HIS HAND, AND  
 BREAK IT AGAINST THE GROUND; HIS  
 ROUT MAKE SIGN OF RESISTANCE,  
 BUT ARE ALL DRIVEN IN; THE  
 ATTENDANT SPIRIT  
 COMES IN.

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter scape?  
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand  
 And bound him fast; without his rod revers'd,  
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fix'd, and motionless:  
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd; now I bethink me,  
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of Melibæus old I learnt,  
The foothest shepherd that e'er pip'd on plains.  
There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,  
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,  
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;  
Whilome she was the daughter of Lochrine,  
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit  
Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,  
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,  
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
The water nymphs that in the bottom play'd,  
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in,  
Bearing her freight to aged Nereus hall,  
Who piteous of her woes rear'd her lank head,  
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
In nectar'd lavers strow'd with asphodil,  
And through the porch and inlet of each sense  
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,  
And underwent a quick immortal change,  
Made Goddess of the river; still she retains  
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,  
Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals.  
For which the shepherds at their festivals  
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream  
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.  
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock

The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,  
 If she be right invok'd in warbled song,  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-befetting need; this will I try,  
 And add the pow'r of some adjuring verse.

## SONG.

Sabrina fair,  
 Listen where thou art fitting  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By th' earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys grave majestic pace,  
 By hoary Nereus wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,  
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old sooth-saying Glaucus spell,  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands,  
 By Thetis tinsel-flipper'd feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet,

By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answer'd have.

Listen and save,

SABRINA RISES, ATTENDED BY WATER-NYMPHS,  
 AND SINGS.

By the rusby-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and em'rald green,  
 That in the channel strays;  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslips velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread;  
 Gentle swain, at thy request  
 I am here.

SPIRIT.

Goddeſs dear,  
 We implore thy pow'rful hand

To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distrest,  
 Through the force, and through the wile  
 Of unblest inchanter vile.

SABRINA.

Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help insnared chastity:  
 Brightest lady, look on me;  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept of precious cure,  
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip;  
 Next this marble venom'd seat,  
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold:  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bow'r.

SABRINA DESCENDS, AND THE LADY RISES OUT  
 OF HER SEAT.

SPIRIT.

Virgin, daughter of Lochrine  
 Sprung of old Anchises line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills:

Summer drowth, or finged air  
Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
Nor wet October's torrent flood  
Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
May thy billows roll ashore  
The beryl, and the golden ore;  
May thy lofty head be crown'd  
With many a tow'r and terrace round,  
And here and there thy banks upon  
With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.

Come, lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,  
Let us fly this curf'd place,  
Lest the forcerer us entice  
With some other new device.  
Not a waste, or needles found,  
Till we come to holier ground;  
I shall be your faithful guide  
Through this gloomy covert wide,  
And not many furlongs thence  
Is your Father's residence,  
Where this night are met in state  
Many a friend to gratulate  
His wish'd presence, and beside  
All the swains that near abide,  
With jigs, and rural dance resort;  
We shall catch them at their sport,  
And our sudden coming there  
Will double all their mirth and cheer;  
Come let us haste, the stars grow high,  
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

THE SCENE CHANGES, PRESENTING LUDLOW TOWN  
 AND THE PRESIDENT'S CASTLE; THEN COME  
 IN COUNTRY DANCERS, AFTER THEM  
 THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, WITH  
 THE TWO BROTHERS AND  
 THE LADY.

## S O N G.

SPIRIT.

Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,  
 Till next fun-shine holiday;  
 Here be without duck or nod  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise  
 With the mincing Dryades  
 On the lawns, and on the leas.

THIS SECOND SONG PRESENTS THEM TO THEIR  
 FATHER AND MOTHER.

Noble lord, and lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight,  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own;  
 Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,

And sent them here through hard assays  
With a crown of deathless praise,  
    To triumph in victorious dance  
O'er sensual folly, and intemperance.

THE DANCES ENDED, THE SPIRIT EPILOGUIZES.

To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where day never shuts his eye,  
Up in the broad fields of the sky:  
There I suck the liquid air  
All amidst the gardens fair  
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
That sing about the golden tree:  
Along the crisped shades and bowers  
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,  
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
Thither all their bounties bring;  
That there eternal Summer dwells,  
And west-winds with musky wing  
About the cedarn alleys fling  
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.  
Iris there with humid bow  
Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hue  
Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
And drenches with Elysian dew  
(Lift mortals, if your ears be true)  
Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
Where young Adonis oft reposes,



Waxing well of his deep wound  
In slumber soft, and on the ground  
Sadly fits th' Assyrian queen;  
But far above in spangled sheen  
Celestial Cupid her fam'd son advanc'd,  
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd,  
After her wand'ring labours long,  
Till free consent the Gods among  
Make her his eternal bride,  
And from her fair unspotted side  
Two blissful twins are to be born,  
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly, or I can run  
Quickly to the green earth's end,  
Where the bow'd welkin flow doth bend,  
And from thence can soar as soon  
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,  
Love Virtue, she alone is free,  
She can teach ye how to climb  
Higher than the spheric chime;  
Or if Virtue feeble were,  
Heav'n itself would stoop to her.

## XVII.

## LYCIDAS.

IN THIS MOMODY THE AUTHOR BEWAILS A LEARNED  
 FRIEND, UNFORTUNATELY DROWNED IN HIS  
 PASSAGE FROM CHESTER ON THE IRISH  
 SEAS, 1637, AND BY OCCASION FORE-  
 TELLS THE RUIN OF OUR COR-  
 RUPTED CLERGY, THEN  
 IN THEIR HEIGHT.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more  
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forc'd fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,  
 Compels me to disturb your season due:  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, sisters of the sacred well,  
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,  
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn,  
And as he passes turn,  
And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud.  
For we were nurs't upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove afield, and both together heard  
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star that rose, at evening, bright,  
Tow'rd Heav'n's descent had stop'd his west'ring  
wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,  
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,  
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fawns with cloved heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long,  
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone, and never must return!  
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes mourn.  
The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen,  
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,  
Or taint worm to the weanling herds that graze,  
Or frost to flow'rs, that their gay wardrobe wear,  
When first the white-thorn blows;  
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?  
For neither were ye playing on the steep,  
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,  
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,  
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:  
Ah me! I fondly dream  
Had ye been there: for what could that have done?  
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,  
The muse herself for her enchanting son,  
Whom universal nature did lament,  
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,  
His gory visage down the stream was sent,  
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care  
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,  
And strictly meditate the thankless muse?  
Were it not better done as others use,  
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Næara's hair?  
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble mind)  
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,

And flits the thin spun life. But not the praise,  
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;  
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal foil,  
Nor in the glif'ring foil  
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies,  
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,  
And perfect witnesses of all-judging Jove;  
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,  
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:  
But now my oar proceeds,  
And listens to the herald of the sea  
That came in Neptune's plea;  
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?  
And question'd every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked promontory;  
They knew not of his story,  
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.  
It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing flow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flow'r inscrib'd with woe,

Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my deareft pledge?  
 Laft came, and laft did go,  
 The pilot of the Galilean lake,  
 Two mafly keys he bore of metals twain,  
 (The golden opes, the iron fhuts amain)  
 He fhook his mitred locks, and ftern befpoke,  
 How well could I have fpar'd for thee, young fwain,  
 Enow of fuch as for their bellies fake  
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?  
 Of other care they little reck'ning make,  
 Than how to scramble at the fhearers feaft,  
 And shove away the worthy bidden gueft;  
 Blind mouths! that fcarce themfelves know how to  
 hold

A fheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elfe the leaft  
 'That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!  
 What recks it them? What need they? They are fped;  
 And when they lift, their lean and flashy fongs  
 Grate on their fcrannel pipes of wretched ftraw;  
 The hungry fheep look up, and are not fed,  
 But, fwoll'n with wind, and the rank mift they draw,  
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion fspread:  
 Befides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
 Daily devours apace, and nothing faid,  
 But that two-handed engine at the door  
 Stands ready to fmite once, and fmite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is paft,  
 That fhrank thy freams; return Sicilian mufe,  
 And call the vales, and bid them hither caft  
 Their bells, and flowrets of a thoufand hues.  
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whifpers ufe

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparsely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freakt with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
To strow the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.  
For so to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,  
Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks tow'rd Namancos and Bayona's hold;  
Look homeward angel now, and melt with ruth:  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.  
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;

So finks the day-ftar in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new fpangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning fky:  
So Lycidas funk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,  
Where other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexprefive nuptial fong,  
In the bleft kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the faints above,  
In folemn troops, and fweet focieties,  
That fing, and fing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the fhepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the genius of the fhore,  
In thy large recompense, and fhalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus fang the uncouth fwain to th' oaks and rills,  
While the ftill morn went out with fandals gray,  
He touch'd the tender ftops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
And now the fun had ftretch'd out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay;  
At laft he rofe, and twitch'd his mantle blue:  
To-morrow to fresh woods and paftures new.



## XVIII.

## THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.

QUIS MULTA GRACILIS TE PUER IN ROSA,  
 RENDERED ALMOST WORD FOR WORD WITHOUT  
 RHIME, ACCORDING TO THE LATIN MEAS-  
 SURE, AS NEAR AS THE LANGUAGE  
 WILL PERMIT.

WHAT slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
     Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou  
     In wreaths thy golden hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness? Oh how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed gods complain, and seas  
     Rough with black winds and storms  
     Unwonted shall admire!  
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,  
 Who always vacant always amiable  
     Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
     Unmindful. Hapless they  
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd  
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung  
     My dank and dropping weeds  
     To the stern god of sea.

## AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

HORATIUS EX PYRRHÆ ILLECEBRIS TANQUAM  
 E NAUFRAGIO ENATAVERAT, CUJUS  
 AMORE IRRETITOS, AFFIRMAT  
 ESSE MISEROS.

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,  
     Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
     Cui flavam religas comam  
 Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera  
     Nigris æquora ventis  
     Emirabitur insolens!  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
 Qui semper vacuum semper amabilem  
     Sperat, nescius auræ  
     Fallacis. Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabula facer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
     Suspendisse potenti  
     Vestimenta maris Deo.

## XIX.

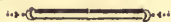
## ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE

UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,  
And with stiff vows renounc'd his Liturgy,  
To feize the widow'd whore Plurality  
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd,  
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
And ride us with a classic hierarchy  
Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford?  
Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent  
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,  
Must now be nam'd and printed Heretics  
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call:  
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent,  
That so the Parliament  
May with their wholesome and preventive shears  
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,  
And succour our just fears,  
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,  
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.



# SONNETS.



## I.

### TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray  
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are fill,  
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
Portend success in love; O if Jove's will  
Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,  
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;  
As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:  
Whether the muse, or Love call thee his mate,  
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## II.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora  
 L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,  
 Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostra fi di fuora  
 De sui atti soavi giamai parco,  
 E i don', che son d'amor faette ed arco,  
 La onde l'alta tua virtu s'infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno  
 Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi  
 L'entrata, chi de te si truova indegno;  
 Gratia sola di fu gli vaglia, inanti  
 Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

## III.

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di fera  
 L'avezza giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a difusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strana favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso  
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deh! fofs' il mio cuor lento e'l duro feno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

## CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,  
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e sfrana  
 Verfeggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de pensierilo miglior t' arrivi;  
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi  
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, et altre onde  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma  
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi  
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?  
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi  
 Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, é il mio cuore  
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

## IV.

DIODATI, e te'l dirò con meraviglia,  
 Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa  
 E de tuoi lacci spesso mi ridéa  
 Già caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.  
 Ne trecchie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia  
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea

Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel fereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,  
 E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero  
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,  
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco  
 Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## V.

PER certo i bei vostr'occhi, Donna mia  
 Effer non puo che non fian lo mio sole  
 Si mi percuoton forte, come ei fuole  
 Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir; io non so che si fia:  
 Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela  
 Scoffo mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco  
 Quivi d'attorno o s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela;  
 Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovofo  
 Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

## VI.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicitto amante  
 Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono  
 Faro divoto; io certo a prove tante



L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S'arma di fe, e d' intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse, e d' invidia ficuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use  
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,  
 E di cetta sonora, e delle muse:  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor mise l'infanabil ago.

## VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF  
TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year! -  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,  
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits indu'th,  
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

## VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED  
TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bow'r:  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple' and tow'r  
 Went to the ground: And the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the pow'r  
 To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IX.

## TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green;  
 And with those few art eminently seen,  
 That labour up the hill of heav'nly truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth

Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity' and ruth.  
 Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feassful friends  
 Passes to blifs at the mid hour of night,  
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

## X.

## TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president  
 Of England's council, and her treasury,  
 Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,  
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet;  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,  
 That all both judge you to relate them true,  
 And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

## XI.

ON THE

DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON  
MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,  
 And woven close, both matter, form and style;  
 The subject new: it walk'd the town a while,  
 Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on  
 A title page is this! and some in file  
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End Green. Why is it harder, fir, than Gordon,  
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,  
 Thy age, like our's, O Soul of fir John Cheek,  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taught'st Cambridge and king Edward  
 Greek.

## XII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:  
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs

Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see  
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

## XIII.

## TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measur'd song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air could'st humour best our  
 tongue.

Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus quire,  
 That turn'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.  
 Dante shall give fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he woo'd to sing  
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

## XIV.

ON THE  
RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE  
THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,  
DECEASED 16 DECEM. 1646.

WHEN faith and love, which parted from thee never,  
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,  
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.  
Thy works and alms and all thy good endeavour  
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
But as faith pointed with her golden rod,  
Follow'd thee up to joy and blifs for ever.  
Love led them on, and faith who knew them best  
Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes  
Before the judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest  
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

## XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze

And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings,  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,  
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith clear'd from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,  
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

## XVI.

## TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud,  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,  
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud  
 Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains  
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories  
 No less renown'd than war: new foes arise  
 Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains:  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

## XVII.

## TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counfel old,  
 Than whom a better fenator ne'er held  
 The helm of Rome, when gowns not arms repell'd  
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold,  
 Whether to fettle peace, or to unfold  
 The drift of hollow ftates hard to be spell'd,  
 Then to advife how war may beft upheld  
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
 In all her equipage: befides to know  
 Both fpiritual pow'r and civil, what each means,  
 What fevers each, thou haft learn'd, which few  
 have done:  
 The bounds of either fword to thee we owe:  
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans  
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldeft fon.

## XVIII.

## ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy fllaughter'd faints, whose bones  
 Lie fcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth fo pure of old,  
 When all our fathers worfhipt ftocks and ftones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans



Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow  
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

## XIX.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide,  
 Lodg'd with me useles, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest he returning chide;  
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,  
 I fondly ask: But patience to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state  
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

## XX.

## TO MR. LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a fullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily' and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice  
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI.

## TO CYRIAC SKINNER.

CYRIAC, whose grandfire, on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause  
 Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;  
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

## XXII.

## TO THE SAME.

CYRIAC, this three years day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to' have lost them overply'd  
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the world's  
 vain mask  
 Content though blind, had I no better guide.

## XXIII.

## ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused faint  
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint  
Purification in the old law did save,  
And such, as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:  
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd  
So clear, as in no face with more delight.  
But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,  
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

# PSALMS.



## PSALM I.

DONE INTO VERSE 1653.

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray  
In counfel of the wicked, and i' th' way  
Of finners hath not stood, and in the feat  
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great  
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,  
And in his law he studies day and night.  
He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
By watry streams, and in his season knows  
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,  
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd  
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
Nor sinners in th' assembly of just men.  
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,  
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

## P S A L M II.

DONE AUGUST 8, 1653. TERZETTE.

**WHY** do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of th' earth upstand  
 With pow'r, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
 Their twisted cords: He who in Heav'n doth dwell  
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,  
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Sion my holy' hill. A firm decree  
 I will declare; the Lord to me hath said  
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee  
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd  
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron sceptre bruis'd, and them disperse  
 Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.  
 And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,  
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling; kiss the Son lest he appear  
 In anger and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel fere.  
**Happy** all those who have in him their stay.

## P S A L M III.

AUGUST 9, 1653.

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM.

LORD how many are my foes!

How many those

That in arms against me rise!

Many are they

That of my life distrustfully thus say,

No help for him in God there lies.

But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,

Thee through my story

Th' exalter of my head I count;

Aloud I cry'd

Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd

And heard me from his holy mount.

I lay and slept, I wak'd again,

For my sustain

Was the Lord. Of many millions

The populous rout

I fear not, though incamping round about

They pitch against me their pavilions.

Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou

Haft smote ere now

On the cheek-bone all my foes,

Of men abhorr'd

Haft broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;

Thy blessing on thy people flows

## P S A L M IV.

AUGUST 10, 1653.

ANSWER me when I call,  
 God of my righteoufnefs,  
 In ftraits and in diftreff  
 Thou didft me difinthrall  
 And fet at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earneft pray'r.

Great ones how long will ye  
 My glory have in fcorn,  
 How long be thus forborn  
 Still to love vanity,  
 To love, to feek, to prize

Things falfe and vain, and nothing elfe but lies?  
 Yet know the Lord hath chofe,  
 Chofe to himfelf apart,  
 The good and meek of heart  
 (For whom to choofe he knows)  
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.  
 Be aw'd, and do not fin,  
 Speak to your hearts alone,  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings juft

Of righteoufnefs, and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that fay  
 Who yet will fhew us good?  
 Talking like this world's brood;  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray,



On us lift up the light

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put,

'Than when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy,

And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep,

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where'er I lie;

As in a rocky cell

Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

P S A L M V.

AUG. 12, 1653.

JEHOVAH to my words give ear,

My meditation weigh,

The voice of my complaining hear

My King and God; for unto thee I pray.

Jehovah thou my early voice

Shalt in the morning hear,

I' th' morning I to thee with choice

Will rank my pray'rs, and watch till thou appear.

For thou art not a God that takes

In wickedness delight,

Evil with thee no biding makes,

Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.

All workers of iniquity  
 Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;  
 The bloody' and guileful man God doth detest.  
 But I will in thy mercies dear  
 Thy numerous mercies go  
 Into thy house; - I in thy fear  
 Will tow'rds thy holy temple worship low.  
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness,  
 Lead me because of those  
 That do observe if I transgress,  
 Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.  
 For in his faltring mouth unstable  
 No word is firm or footh;  
 Their inside, troubles miserable;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
 God, find them guilty, let them fall  
 By their own counsels quell'd;  
 Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.  
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
 Their joy, while thou from blame  
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found  
 To bless the just man still,  
 As with a shield thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

## P S A L M VI.

AUG. 13, 1653.

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me,  
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ach,  
Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled fore,  
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord, restore  
My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake:  
For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?  
Wearied I am with fighting out my days,  
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
I th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
Depart all ye that work iniquity,  
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping  
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,  
My supplication with acceptance fair  
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.  
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd  
With much confusion; then grown red with shame,  
They shall return in haste the way they came,  
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

## P S A L M VII.

AUG. 14, 1653.

UPON THE WORDS OF CHUSH THH BENJAMITE  
AGAINST HIM.

LORD my God to thee I fly,  
Save me and secure me under  
Thy protection while I cry,  
Left as a lion (and no wonder)  
He haste to tear my soul afunder,  
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought  
Or done this, if wickedness  
Be in my hands, if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace,  
Or to him have render'd less,  
And not free'd my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul  
And overtake it, let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust and there outspread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire;

And wake for me, their fury' assuage;  
 Judgment here thou didst engage  
 And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each nation  
 Will surround thee, seeking right,  
 Thence to thy glorious habitation  
 Return on high and in their fight.  
 Jehovah judgeth most upright  
 All people from the world's foundation,

Judge me Lord, be judge in this  
 According to my righteousness,  
 And the innocence which is  
 Upon me: cause at length to cease  
 Of evil men the wickedness  
 And their pow'r that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
 Since thou art the just God that tries  
 Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
 My defence, and in him lies,  
 In him who both just and wise  
 Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,  
 And God is every day offended;  
 If the unjust will not forbear,  
 His sword he whets, his bow hath bended  
 Already, and for him intended  
 The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
 For them that persecute.) Behold  
 He travels big with vanity,  
 Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old  
 As in a womb, and from that mould  
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,  
 And fell into the pit he made;  
 His mischief that due course doth keep,  
 Turns on his head, and his ill trade  
 Of violence will undelay'd  
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
 According to his justice raise,  
 And sing the name and deity  
 Of Jehovah the most high.

## P S A L M VIII.

AUG. 14, 1653.

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!  
 So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set  
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
 Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,  
 To smite th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow,  
 That bends his rage thy providence to' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy fingers art,  
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
O what is man that thou rememberest yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,  
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
Scarce to be less than gods, thou mad'st his lot,  
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,  
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
All flocks, and herds, by thy commanding word,  
All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and fish that through the wet  
Sea paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.  
O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

APRIL. 1648. J. M.

NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN  
ALL, BUT WHAT IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARAC-  
TER, ARE THE VERY WORDS OF THE  
TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ORIGINAL.

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 THOU shepherd that dost Israel *keep*  
Give ear *in time of need*,  
Who ledest like a flock of sheep  
*Thy loved Joseph's seed*,  
That fit't between the Cherubs *bright*,  
*Between their wings out-spread*,  
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,  
*And on our foes thy dread*.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
And in Manasseh's fight,  
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*  
*To save us by thy might*.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*  
*To us O God vouchsafe*;  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
How long wilt thou declare  
Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*  
Against thy people's prayer!



- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears,  
 Their bread with tears they eat,  
 And mak'st them largely drink the tears  
*Wherewith their checks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*  
 To every neighbour foe,  
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,  
 And flouts at us they throw.
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*  
 O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine,*  
 And drov'st out nations, *proud and haut,*  
 To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
*And fill'd the land at last.*
- 10 With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*  
 The hills were *overspread,*  
 Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall  
*Advanc'd their lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*  
 Down to the sea she sent,  
 And *upward* to that river *wide*  
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
 And broken down her fence,  
 That all may pluck her, as they go  
*With rudest violence ?*

- 13 The *tasked* boar out of the wood  
Up turns it by the roots,  
Wild beasts there browse, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down  
From Heav'n, thy seat divine,  
Behold us, *but without a frown,*  
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand  
Hath set, and planted *long,*  
And the young branch, that for thyself  
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,  
And cut *with axes* down,  
They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand  
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*  
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou  
Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame,*  
Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we  
Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*  
Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*  
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
And then we shall be safe.

## P S A L M LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*  
Sing loud to God *our King,*  
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*  
Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,  
The timbrel hither bring,  
The *cheerful* psaltry bring along,  
And harp *with* pleasant *string.*
- 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon  
With trumpets *lofty sound,*  
Th' appointed time, the day whereon  
Our solemn feast *comes round.*
- 4 This was a statute *giv'n of old*  
For Israel *to observe,*  
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*  
*From whence they might not swerve.*
- 5 This he a testimony ordain'd  
In Joseph, *not to change,*  
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;  
The tongue I heard was strange.
- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*  
I fet his shoulder free:  
His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*  
Deliver'd were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore affail,  
*On me then* didst thou call,  
And I to free thee *did not fail,*  
*And led thee out of thrall.*

- I answer'd thee in thunder deep  
With clouds encompass'd round;  
I try'd thee at the water *sleep*  
Of Meriba *renown'd*.
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well*,  
I testify to thee,  
*Thou ancient stock of Israel*,  
If thou wilt list to me,
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
No alien god shall be,  
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
In honour bend thy knee.
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought  
Thee out of Egypt land;  
Ask large enough, and I, *befought*,  
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
*Nor* hearken to my voice;  
And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,  
Mislik'd me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
And to their wand'ring mind;  
Their own conceits they follow'd still,  
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O that my people would *be wise*,  
*To serve me all their days*,  
And O that Israel would *advise*  
*To walk my righteous ways*.
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
*That now so proudly rise*,  
And turn my hand against *all those*  
*That are their enemies*.

- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
 To bow to him and bend,  
 But *they, his people, should remain,*  
 Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*  
 With flour of finest wheat,  
 And satisfy them from the rock  
 With honey *for their meat.*

## P S A L M LXXXII.

- 1 GOD in the great assembly stands  
 Of kings and lordly states,  
 Among the Gods, on both his hands  
 He judges and debates.
- 2 How long will ye pervert the right  
 With judgment false and wrong,  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might,*  
 Who thence grow bold and strong?
- 3 Regard the weak and fatherless,  
 Dispatch the poor man's cause,  
 And raise the man in deep distress  
 By just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate  
 Of him *that help demands.*
- 5 They know not, nor will understand,  
 In darkness they walk on,  
 The earth's foundations all are mov'd,  
 And out of order gone.

- 6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all  
 The sons of God most high;  
 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
 As other princes *die*.  
 8 Rise God, judge thou the earth *in might*,  
 This *wicked* earth redress,  
 For thou art he who shalt by right  
 The nations all possess.

## P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,  
 O God hold not thy peace,  
 Sit thou not still O God of *strength*,  
*We cry, and do not cease*.  
 2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* swell,  
 And storm outrageously,  
 And they that hate thee *proud and fell*  
 Exalt their heads full high.  
 3 Against thy people they contrive  
 Their plots and counsels deep,  
 Them to insnare they chiefly strive,  
 Whom thou dost hide and keep.  
 4 Come let us cut them off, say they,  
 Till they no nation be,  
 That Israel's name for ever may  
 Be lost in memory.  
 5 For they consult with all their might;  
 And all as one in mind  
 Themselves against thee they unite,  
 And in firm union bind.

- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,  
 Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell,*
- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
 And *hateful* Amalek,  
 The Philistims, and they of Tyre,  
*Whose bounds the Sea doth check.*
- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands  
*And doth confirm the knot :*  
*All these have lent their armed hands*  
 To aid the sons of Lot:
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*  
*That wasted all the coast,*  
 To Sifera, and as *is told*  
*Thou didst to Jabin's host,*  
*When at the brook of Kishon old*  
*They were repuls'd and slain,*
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd  
 As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
 So let their princes speed,  
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled,*  
 So let their princes *bleed.*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*  
 By right now shall we seize  
 God's houses, and *will now invade*  
 Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,  
*No quiet let them find,*  
 Giddy and *restless* let them reel  
 Like stubble from the wind.

- 14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire  
*Which on a sudden strays,*  
 The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher  
 Till all the mountains blaze,
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
 And with thy tempest chase;
- 16 And till they yield thee honour due;  
 Lord fill with shame their face.
- 17 Asham'd, and troubled let them be,  
 Troubled, and sham'd for ever,  
 Ever confounded, and so die  
 With shame, *and scape it never.*
- 18 Then shall they know that thou whose name  
 Jehovah is alone,  
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*  
 O'er all the earth *art one.*

## P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,  
*Where thou dost dwell so near!*
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts O Lord to see,  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the sparrow *freed from wrong*  
 Hath found a house of *rest.*  
 The swallow there, to lay her young  
 Hath built her *brooding* nest,



- Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode,*  
*And home they fly from round the coasts*  
*Toward thee, my King, my God.*
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,  
 Where thee they ever praise,
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,  
 And in their hearts thy ways.
- 6 They pass through Bacia's *thirsty* vale,  
*That dry and barren ground,*  
 As through a fruitful watry dale  
 Where springs and show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladsome cheer,*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer,  
 O Jacob's God give ear,
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear*.
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*  
 Is better, *and more blest,*  
 Than *in the joys of vanity*  
 A thousand days *at best*.  
 I in the temple of my God  
 Had rather keep a door,  
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*  
 With sin *for evermore*.
- 11 For God the Lord both sun and shield  
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.

- 12 Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*  
 That man is *truly* blest,  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

## P S A L M LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe,  
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve,*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,  
 And *calmly* didst return  
 From thy fierce wrath which we had prov'd  
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore,  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus,  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice,*  
 And us again revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice  
 By thee preserv'd alive.

- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,  
To us thy mercy shew,  
Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak,  
I will go *straight* and hear,  
For to his people he speaks peace,  
And to his faints *full dear*,  
To his dear faints he will speak peace,  
But let them never more  
Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
Salvation is at hand,  
And glory shall *ere long appear*  
*To dwell within our land.*
- 10 Mercy and Truth *that long were mis'd*  
Now *joyfully* are met,  
*Sweet* Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,  
*And hand in hand are set.*
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flow'r*,  
Shall bud and blossom *then*,  
And Justice from her heav'nly bow'r  
Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
Whatever thing is good,  
Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go  
*His royal harbinger*,  
Then will he come, and not be slow,  
His footsteps cannot err.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,  
 O hear me *I thee pray*,  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul, for I have trod  
 Thy ways, and love the just,  
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
 I call;    4. O make rejoice  
 Thy servant's soul; for Lord to thee  
 I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone  
 To pardon, thou to all  
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*  
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
 Give ear, and to the cry  
 Of my *incessant* pray'rs afford  
 Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I in the day of my distress  
 Will call on thee *for aid*;  
 For thou wilt *grant me free access*,  
*And answer what I pray'd*.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
 O Lord, nor any works  
 Of all that other gods have done  
 Like to thy *glorious* works.

- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
Shall come, *and all shall frame*  
To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
By thy strong hand are done,  
Thou *in thy everlasting seat*  
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,  
I in thy truth will bide,  
To fear thy name my heart unite,  
*So shall it never slide.*
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,  
And thou hast free'd my soul,  
Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God the proud against me rise,  
And violent men are met  
To seek my life, and in their eyes  
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
Readiest thy grace to shew,  
Slow to be angry, and *art styl'd*  
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,  
And me have mercy on,  
Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
And save thy handmaid's son.

- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes *then* fee,  
 And be aſham'd, becauſe thou Lord  
 Doſt help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
 Is his foundation faſt,  
*There ſeated is his ſanctuary,*  
*His temple there is plac'd.*
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more  
 Than all the dwellings *fair*  
 Of Jacob's *land, though there be ſtore,*  
*And all within his care.*
- 3 City of God, moſt glorious things  
 Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
- 4 I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke.*  
 I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philiftia *full of ſcorn,*  
 And Tyre with Ethiops *utmoſt ends,*  
 Lo this man there was born:
- 5 But *twice that praiſe ſhall in our ear*  
 Be ſaid of Sion *laſt,*  
 This and this man was born in her,  
 High God ſhall fix her faſt.
- 6 The Lord ſhall write it in a ſcroll  
 That ne'er ſhall be out-worn,  
 When he the nations doth inroll,  
 That this man there was born.

- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,  
*With sacred songs are there,*  
 In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*  
*And all my fountains clear.*

## P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God that dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry;  
 And all night long before thee *weep,*  
 Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy presence let my pray'r  
*With sighs devout ascend,*  
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*  
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store  
 Surcharg'd my soul doth lie,  
 My life *at death's uncheerful door*  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal pit,*  
 I am a man, but weak alas,  
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite  
 Among the dead to *sleep,*  
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*  
 That in the grave lie *deep.*  
 Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard,  
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er  
*Death's hideous house hath barr'd.*

- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*  
    Haft fet me *all forlorn*,  
    Where thickest darknefs *hovers round*,  
    In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,  
    Full fore doth prefs on me;  
    Thou break'ft upon me all thy ways,  
    And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
    And mak'ft me odious,  
    Me to them odious, *for they change*,  
    And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,  
    Mine eye grows dim and dead,  
    Lord, all the day I thee intreat,  
    My hands to thee I spread.
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,  
    Shall the deceas'd arise  
    And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
    *With pale and hollow eyes?*
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell  
    On whom the grave *hath hold*,  
    Or they who in perdition *dwell*,  
    Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darknefs can thy mighty *hand*  
    Or wondrous acts be known,  
    Thy justice in the *gloomy land*  
    Of *dark oblivion?*
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,  
    *Ere yet my life be spent*,  
    And up to thee my pray'r *doth hie*,  
    Each morn, and thee prevent.



- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,  
And hide thy face from me?
- 15 That am already bruis'd, and shake  
With terrour sent from thee?  
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*  
As ready to expire,  
While I thy terrours undergo  
Astonish'd with thine ire.
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,  
Thy threatnings cut me through:
- 17 All day they round about me go,  
Like waves they me pursue.
- 18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,  
And sever'd from me far:  
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,  
And as in darknes are.

### A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PSALM WERE  
DONE BY THE AUTHOR AT  
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD.

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head-

Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil.  
 The high, huge-bellied mountains skipt like rams  
 Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
 Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?  
 Why turned Jordan tow'rd his crystal fountains?  
 Shake Earth, and at the presence be aghast  
 Of him that ever was, and aye shall last,  
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
 And make soft rills from fiery flint stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,  
 For his mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
 For of gods he is the God;  
 For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,  
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.  
 For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make  
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake,  
 For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create  
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.  
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watry plain.  
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might  
Did fill the new-made world with light.  
For his, &c.

And caus'd the golden-tressed sun,  
All the day long his course to run.  
For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.  
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land.  
For his, &c.

And in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel.  
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythræan main.  
For his, &c.

The floods stood still like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass.

For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power.

For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness.

For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown.

For his, &c.

He foil'd bold Seon and his host,  
That rul'd the Amorrean coast.

For his, &c.

And large-limb'd Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew.

For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land therein to dwell.

For his, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye  
Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c,

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high  
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.



*JOANNIS MILTONI,*

LONDINENSIS,

P O E M A T A.

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS  
VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

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**H**ÆC quæ sequuntur de authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita ferè solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi que quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS,

MARCHIO VILLENSIS, NEAPOLITANUS,

AD

JOANNEM MILTONIUM, ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipse fores.

AD

JOANNEM MILTONEM, ANGLUM,

TRIPlici POESEOS LAUREA CORONANDUM,

GRÆCA NIMIRUM, LATINA, ATQUE

HETRUSCA, EPIGRAMMA

JOANNIS SALSILLI, ROMANI.

CEDe Meles, cedat depressa Mincius urna;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;  
At Thamefis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

## AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

GRÆCIA Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SELVAGGI.

AL

SIGNIOR GIO. MILTONI,

NOBILE INGLESE.

O D E.

ERGIMI all' Etra ò Clio  
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona  
Non più del Biondo Dio  
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona  
Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,  
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace  
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore  
Non puo l' oblio rapace  
Furar dalle memorie eccelfo onore,  
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
Virtù m'adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del Ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia rifiede  
 Separata dal mondo,  
 Però che il suo valor l'umana eccede:  
 Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita  
 Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,  
 Quella gli è sol gradita,  
 Perché in lei fan trovar gioia, e diletto;  
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto  
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido  
 Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;  
 Ch' udio d'Helena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
 E per poterla effigiare al paro  
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'Ape Ingegnosa  
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amenta  
 Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti  
 Le peregrine piante

Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;  
 Del Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
 E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quasi divino  
 Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero  
 Vide in ogni confino  
 Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;  
 L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
 Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora  
 O in lei del parlar Tosco appresar l'arte,  
 La cui memoria onora  
 Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
 Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
 E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle  
 Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
 Che per varie favelle  
 Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano:  
 Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia il suo piu degno Idioma  
 Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.

I piu profondi arcani  
 Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra  
 Ch' à Ingegni fovrumani  
 Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,  
 Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
 Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,  
 Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,  
 Che di virtù immortale  
 Scorrin di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;  
 Che s'opre degne di Poema o storia  
 Furon già, l'hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra  
 Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,  
 Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
 Dì farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,  
 Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso  
 Per te suo cigno parreggiar Permessò.

I o che in riva del Arno  
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro  
 So che fatico indarno,  
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;  
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core  
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

DEL SIG. ANTONIO FRANCINI, GENTILHUOMO

FIorentino.

# JOANNI MILTONI

LONDINENSI,

JUVENI PATRIA, VIRTUTIBUS EXIMIO,

VIRO qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novis Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphaerarum sonitus astronomia duce audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistra philosophia le-

genti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua autorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus, Patricius Florentinus,

TANTO HOMINI SERVUS, TANTÆ VIRTUTIS AMATOR.





# ELEGIARUM

## LIBER PRIMUS.



### ELEGIA PRIMA

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;  
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
Vergivium pronò quâ petit amne salum.  
Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas  
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua fodalem  
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussâ velit.  
Me tenet urbs reflûâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.  
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum.  
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,  
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!

Nec duri libet usque minas preferre magistri  
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
 Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,  
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
 Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso  
 Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.  
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;  
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.  
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
 Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,  
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculato barbara verba foro;  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,  
 Et dolet, et spectro, juvat et spectasse dolendo,  
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:  
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit,  
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor  
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens,  
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.

Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
- Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,  
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.  
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ  
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!  
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus;  
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,  
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor;  
Pellacesque genas, ad quos hyacinthina fordet  
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!  
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,  
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.  
Cedite Achæmenix turrîtâ fronte puellæ,  
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.  
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submitтите Nymphæ,  
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.  
Nec Pompeianas Tarpæia Musa columnas  
Jactet, et Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.  
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,  
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.  
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis  
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno  
Endymionæ turba ministra deæ,

Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invec̄ta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam post habitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,  
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;  
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ADADEMICI  
CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.

Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,  
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula  
 Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris.  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridæ jussâ severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,  
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,  
 Personet et totis mœnia mœsta scholis.

## ELEGIA TERTIA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,  
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;  
 Dum procerum ingressâ est splendentes marmore tures,  
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face;  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:

Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amiffos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi digniffime Præful,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;  
 Delicui fletu, et trifti fic ore querebar,  
 Mors fera Tartareo diva fecunda Jovi,  
 Nonne fatis quod fylva tuas perfentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbofos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcefcant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi facra rofa,  
 Nec finis ut femper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapfus prætereuntis aquæ?  
 Et tibi fuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo  
 Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia fylvis,  
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanti tibi cum fit conceffa potestas;  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuiiffe fagittas,  
 Semideamque animam fede fugâffe fuâ?  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Rofcidus occiduis Hefperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tarteffiaco fubmerferat æquore currum  
 Phæbus, ab eöo littore menfus iter.  
 Nec mora, membra cavo pofui refovenda cubili,  
 Condidérant oculos noxque foporque meos:  
 Cum mihi vifus eram lato fpatiarier agro,  
 Heu nequit ingenium vifa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga fole rubent.  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,  
 Veftitu nituit multicolore folum.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,  
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.  
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,  
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris  
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.  
Ipse racimiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
Ecce mihi subito Præful Wintonius astat,  
Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;  
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,  
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.  
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,  
Pura triumphali perfonat æthra tubâ.  
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos;  
Nate veni, et patri felix cape gaudia regni,  
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.  
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ,  
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.  
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,  
Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

## ELEGIA QUARTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD  
 MERCATORES ANGLICOS, HAMBURGÆ  
 AGENTES, PASTORIS MUNERÈ  
 FUNGENTEM.

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pòntum,  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.

At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.

Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.

Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præful Chriftilicas pascere doctus oves;  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.

Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!



Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium  
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;  
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëus Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,  
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,  
 Castalio sparfi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,  
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,  
 Bisque novo terram sparfisti Chlorigenilem  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Aufser opes:  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse fonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,  
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargata volumina patrùm  
 Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei,  
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adestet, herum.  
 Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:  
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit fera, salutem;  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Scra quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.  
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?  
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.  
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,  
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.  
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes  
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.  
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,  
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.  
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!  
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,  
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.  
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
Et fata carne virùm jam cruor arva rigat;  
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,  
Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos;  
Perpetuèque comans jam deflorescit oliva,  
Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,  
Fugit io terris, et jam non ultima virgo  
Creditor ad superas iusta volasse domos.  
Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,  
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;  
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.

Patria dura parens, et faxis fæviore albis  
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,  
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,  
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique  
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?  
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!  
Haud aliter vates terræ Theſbitidis olim  
Preffit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.  
Talis et horrifono laceratus membra flagello,  
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.  
Piscesæque ipsum Gergeffæ civis Iësum  
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obfitus armis,  
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.  
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,  
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;  
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;  
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,  
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,

Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

### ELEGIA QUINTA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 20.

### IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;  
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.  
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,  
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;  
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.  
 Delius ipse venit, video Penæide lauro  
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;

Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,  
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;  
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.  
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid facer iste furor?  
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
Profucrint isto reddita dona modo.  
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis  
Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus:  
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ simul incipiamus utrique,  
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores  
Veris, et hoc subcat Musa perennis opus.  
Jam sol Æthiopus fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.  
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,  
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes  
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;  
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.  
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.  
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ  
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.  
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur  
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.

Defere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,  
 Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?  
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,  
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.  
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.  
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;  
 Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,  
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto  
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosas!  
 Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos  
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.  
 Aspice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.  
 Cinnamêa Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.  
 Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.  
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas,

Cur te, inquit, cursu languentem Phœbe diurno  
Hesperiiis recipit Cœrula mater aquis?  
Quid tibi cum Tethy! Quid cum Tartesside lym-  
phâ,  
Dia quid immundo perluis ora fallo?  
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,  
Huc ades, ardentem imbue rore comas.  
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene sufurrans  
Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas.  
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,  
Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;  
Cum tu Phœbe tuo sapientius uteris igni,  
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
Matris in exemplum cœtera turba ruunt.  
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
Infonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo.  
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,  
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica focò.  
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,  
Littus io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant.  
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,  
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.  
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus.

Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus  
unum,

Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.

Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,

Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.

Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,

Delphinâsque leves ad vada summa vocat.

Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,

Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.

Nunc etiam Satyri cum fera crepuscula furgunt,

Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,

Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis

Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.

Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,

Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,

Consultit in trepidos dum sibi nymphea pedes,

Jamque latet, latitanisque cupit male tecta videri,

Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.

Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,

Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.

Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,

Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.

Te referant miseris te Jupiter aurea terris

Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?

Tu saltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales

Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;

Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,

Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.



## ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD

## CAROLUM DEODATUM

RURI COMMORANTEM,

QUI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPSISSET, ET SUA CARMINA EXCUSARI POSTULASSET SI SOLITO MINUS ESSENT BONA, QUOD INTER LAUTITIAS QUIBUS ERAT AB AMICIS EXCEPTUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE AFFIRMABAT, HOC HABUIT RESPONSUM.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Qua tu distento fortè carere potes.  
 At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,  
 Nec finit optatas posse sequi tenebras?  
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,  
 Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,  
 Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poësin?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Eucæ  
 Mistâ Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:  
 Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum  
 Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,  
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.  
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
 Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.  
 Massica sæcundam despumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fufumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te  
 Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu;  
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
 Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpre Phœbum,  
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,  
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Decorum est,  
 Lt vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;  
 Liber adest, elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.

Talibus indè licent convivìa largà poetis,  
 Sæpius et veteri commaduiffè mero.  
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,  
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri  
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,  
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.  
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,  
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.  
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis  
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris ;  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vada fœmineis infidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora Jovem.  
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti femine regem,  
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,  
 Vagantumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto  
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit,

Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
 Et subito elifos ad sua fana Deos.  
 Dona quidem dedimus Chrifii natalibus illa,  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque preffa manent patriis meditata cicutis,  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis inftar eris.

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA,

ANNO ÆTATIS 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges Amathusia nôram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas;  
 Atque tuum spreui maxime numen Amor.  
 Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat; et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:  
 At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
 Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.  
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis amor impiger alis,  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:  
 Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.

Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;  
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas  
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,  
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle minas.  
Et miser exemplo sapiisses tutiùs, inquit,  
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.  
Ipse ego si nescis strato Pythone superbum  
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;  
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur  
Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.  
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,  
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:  
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.  
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,  
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,  
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.  
Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
At mihi rifuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.  
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum  
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.  
Auçtaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,  
Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.  
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.  
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,  
Neve oculos potui continuiffè meos.  
Unam fortè aliis supereminuiffè notabam,  
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.  
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
Solutus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.  
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
Infilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis:  
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,  
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.  
Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,  
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.  
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,  
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
Findor, et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,  
Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.  
Sic dolet amiffum proles Junonia cælum,  
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.  
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum  
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiarus equis.

Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores  
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;  
Forfitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
Forte nec ad nostras furdeat illa preces.  
Crede mihi nullus sic infeliciter arsit,  
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,  
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:  
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
Solutus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.  
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,  
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:  
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino  
Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.  
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit.  
Donec Socraticos umbrosâ Academia rivos  
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.  
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipsâ Venus.

## IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper fatrapasque Britannos  
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,  
 Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
 Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?  
 Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,  
 Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.  
 Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis  
 Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

## IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donâsse Iäcobum  
 Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?  
 Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
 Parce precor donis insidiosa tuis.  
 Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit  
 Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
 Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlùm pelle cucullos,  
 Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,  
 Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
 Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

## IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,  
 Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.  
 Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,  
 Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.



Et nec inultus ait temnes mea sacra Britanne,  
 Supplicium spreta religione dabis.  
 Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
 Non nisi per flammam triste patebit iter.  
 O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igne  
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra perusta plagas.

## IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma fuit devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque sinu,  
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem:  
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,  
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

AD

## LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum? Leonora tibi si gloria major,  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.

Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fufus,  
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

## A D E A N D E M.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab infano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te Leonora foret!  
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,  
 Quamvis Diræo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem  
 Flexanimo cantu restituiffe sibi.

## A D E A N D E M.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,  
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
 Corpore Chalcidico sacra dediffe rogo?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Paufilipi.  
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus  
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
Haëtenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
Mota solo affueto, protendus aret iners.  
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.  
Atque ait, heu quantò fatius fuit illa Coloni  
(Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo!  
Possẽm ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:  
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

ELEGIARUM FINIS.



# SYLVARUM LIBER.



ANNO ÆTATIS 16.

IN

OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

PARERE fati discite legibus,  
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,  
    Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
    Iæpeti colitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro  
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ  
    Tentantur incassum dolique;  
    Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera  
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules  
    Nessi venenatus cruore  
    Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ  
Vidisset occifum Ilion Hæctora, aut  
    Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
    Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia  
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
 Vixisset infamis, potentique  
 Ægiali foror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
 Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,  
 Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
 Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

Læfisset et nec te Philyreie  
 Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,  
 Nec tela te fulmenque avitum  
 Cæse puer genetricis alvo.

Tuque O alumno major Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,  
 Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
 Et mediis Helicos in undis,

Jam præfuiſſes Palladio gregi  
 Lætus, superſtes, nec ſine gloria,  
 Nec puppe luſtraſſes Charontis  
 Horribiles barathri reſſus.

At ſila rupit Perſephone tua  
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus  
 Succoque pollenti tot atris  
 Faucibus eripuiſſe mortis.

Colende Præſes, membra precor tua  
 Molli quieſcant cęſpite, et ex tuo

Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,  
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.

Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,  
Interque felices perennis  
Elysio spatere campo.

## IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS,

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna  
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus  
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:  
Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat  
In folio, occultique doli securus et hostis:  
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
Eumenidum pater, æthero vagus exul Olympo,  
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;  
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,  
Illic unanimes odium fruit inter amicos,  
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;  
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,  
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,  
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes

Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, feu Caspia tigris  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
 Nocte sub illuni, et fomno niçantibus astris.  
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes  
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem  
 Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam  
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;  
 Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna  
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ob ore Tiphæus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, icætaque cuspide cuspis.  
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo  
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.  
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;  
 Quâ volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,  
 Denfantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinofas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Aufoniæ fines, à parte sinistra  
 Nimbifer Appenninus erat, prisicque Sabini,



Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non  
 Te furtiua Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evelhitur, præeunt submissio poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimneriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.  
 Tempa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cavâ responfat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
 Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætæque ferocem,  
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.  
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres  
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)  
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,  
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,  
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo

Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos confrixit fune falaces,  
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.  
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;  
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?  
 Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!  
 Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex  
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,  
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:  
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,  
 Cui referata patet convexi janua cæli,  
 Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,  
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,  
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;  
 Et memor Hesperiaë disjectam ulciscere classem,  
 Merfaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,  
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,  
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.  
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,  
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,  
 Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite pontum,  
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:  
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,  
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,  
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laceſſes,  
 Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,  
 Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;  
 Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris  
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de ſtirpe creatos,  
 Grandævofque patres trabeâ, canifque verendos;  
 Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,  
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne  
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, ſub imis.  
 Protinus ipſe igitur quofcunque habet Anglia fidos  
 Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquâmnè tuorum  
 Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ?  
 Percuſſoſque metu ſubito, caſûque ſtupentes  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina factis.  
 Dixit et adſcitos ponens malefidus amiçtus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
 Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;  
 Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Noçturnos viſus, et ſomnia grata revolvens.

Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noçtis,  
 Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,  
 Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,  
 Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.  
 Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,

Offa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,  
 Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,  
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.  
 Ipsi etiam pavidum latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos, et Prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,  
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris  
 Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt;  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longe fideles  
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.  
 Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa mihi, prudens natura negavit  
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:  
 Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,  
 Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.  
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos  
 Despiciat æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;  
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Offæ.

Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:  
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata fufurros;  
Qualiter infrepitant circum mulcralia bombis  
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.  
Ipsa quidem summâ fedet ultrix matris in arce,  
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminent olli,  
Queis fonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.  
Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ  
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,  
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia fomno,  
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.  
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:  
Millenisque loquax auditaque vifaque linguis  
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax  
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.  
Scd̄ tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes  
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit  
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli  
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.  
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
Fulmine præmissis alloquitur, terræque tremente:  
Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum  
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iäcobo?  
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
Et fatis ante fugax stridentes induit alas,

Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.  
 Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit:  
 Et primo Angliacas solito de more per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,  
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effœtique fenēs pariter, tantæque ruinæ  
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserefcit ab alto  
 Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;  
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

ANNO ÆTATIS 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,  
 Quem nuper effudi pius,

Dum mœsta charo iusta perfolvi rogo  
Wintoniensis Præfulis.  
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali  
Cladisque vera nuntia)  
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniaë,  
Populosque Neptuno fatos,  
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus  
Te generis humani decus,  
Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus  
Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:  
Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
Concepit alto diriora pectore,  
Graiufque vates parcus  
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
Sponsamque Neobolen suam.  
At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
Et imprecor neci necem,  
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine:  
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream  
Bilemque et irritas minas,  
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
Subitoque ad iras percita?  
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
Mors atra Noctis filia,  
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
Vastove nata sub Chao:  
Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei  
Messés ubique colligit;

Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat;  
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem  
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ;  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;  
 At iusta raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi lætuosa Tartari,  
 Sedesque subterraneas.  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror:  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex  
 Auriga currus ignei.  
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,  
 Non ensis Orion tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,  
 Longéque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
 Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crySTALLINAM, et  
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre  
 Amœnitates illius loci? mihi  
 Sat est in æternum frui.



## NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immerſa profundis  
 Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incifaſ leges adamante perenni  
 Aſſimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo  
 Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergóne marceſcet fulcantibus obſita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater  
 Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?  
 Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque  
 Sidera vexabunt? an et inſatiabile Tempus  
 Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?  
 Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra muniffe nefas, et Temporis iſto  
 Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obviuſ icſtu  
 Stridat uterque poluſ, ſuperâque ut Olympiuſ aulâ  
 Decidat, horribiliſque reſectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
 Qualis in Ægeam proleſ Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli?  
 Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſuſ imitabere nati  
 Præcipiti curru, ſubitâque ferere ruinâ  
 Pronuſ, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereuſ,

Et dabit attonito feralia fibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam aërei divulgis sedibus Hæmí  
 Diffultabit apex, imoque allifá barathro  
 Terreunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
 In superos quibus ufus erat, fraternaue bella.

At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius astris  
 Confuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
 Singula perpetuum iuffit fervare tenorem.  
 Volvitur hinc lapfu mundi rota prima diurno;  
 Raptat et ambitos fociâ vertigine cœlos.  
 Tardior haud folito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ caffide Mavors.  
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile corufcat,  
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
 Devexo temone Deus; fed femper amicâ  
 Luce potens eadem currit per figna rotarum.  
 Surgit odoratis pariter formofus ab Indiis  
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo  
 Mane vocans, et ferus agens in pascua cœli,  
 Temporis et gemino difpertit regna colore.  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, folitoque fragore  
 Lurida perculfas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,  
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos  
 Trux Aquilo, fpiratque hyemem, nimbofque volutat.  
 Utque folet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumftrepit æquora conchâ  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vafâ mole minorem

Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti  
 Priscus abest, fervatque suum Narcissus odorem,  
 Et puer ille suum tenet et puer ille decorem  
 Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM  
 ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

DICITE sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,  
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cœlique factos atque ephemeridas Deûm,  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ  
 Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;

Seu sempiternus ille fiderum comes  
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimúmve terris incolit lunæ globum :  
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras fedens  
 Obliviofas torpet ad Lethes aquas :  
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput  
 Atlante major portitore fiderum.  
 Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit  
 Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto finu ;  
 Non hunc filenti nocte Plëiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Affyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Ofiridem.  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermès (ut fit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus.  
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxit scholis)  
 Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus,  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

## A D PATREM.

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;

Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis  
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen  
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi  
Aptius à nobis quæ possint munera donis  
Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,  
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et femina cœli,  
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
Sancta Promethææ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,  
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coerces.  
Carminibus sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;  
Carmina sacrificus sollempnes pangit ad aras,  
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;  
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.  
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,  
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,  
Dulcia suaviloquo fociantes carmina plectro,  
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.

Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbés,  
 Nunc quoque fidereis intercinit ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;  
 Torrida dum rutilus compefcit fibila ferpens,  
 Demiffoque ferox gladio manfuefcit Orion;  
 Stellarum nec fentit onus Maurufius Atlas,  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare folebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vafteque immenfa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico fpumabat cœna Lyæo.  
 Tum de more fedens fefta ad convivia vates  
 Æfculeâ intonfos redimitus ab arbore crines,  
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gefta canebat,  
 Et chaos, et pofiti latè fundamina mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætneo quæfitum fulmen ab antro.  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
 Verborum fenfusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silveftres decet ifte choros, non Orphea cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios et quercubus addidit aures  
 Carmine, non citharâ, fimulachraque functa canendo  
 Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor facras contemnere Mufas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipfe peritus  
 Munere, mille fonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram  
 Doctus, Arionii meritò fis nominis hæres.  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, fi me genuiffe poëtam  
 Contigerit, charo fi tam propè fanguine juncti  
 Cognatas artes, ftudiumque affine fequamur?  
 Ipfe volens Phæbus fe difpertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,

Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu tamen ut fimules teneras odiffe Camœnas,  
Non odiffe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,  
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:  
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis  
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ  
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.  
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,  
Me poscunt majora, tuo pater optime sumptu  
Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant  
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
Addere suafisti quos jactat Gallia flores,  
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cœlo  
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluis aer,  
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,  
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit.  
Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,  
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefanus avitas  
Aufriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna præoptas.  
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
Jupiter, excepto, donasset ut omnia, cœlo?

Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato  
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.  
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ  
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,  
 Invidiaeque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;  
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus  
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Possè referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorâsse fatis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

PSALM CXIV.

ΙΣΡΑΗΛ ὅτε παῖδες, ἐτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰακωβ  
 Αἰγυπτίον λιπέ δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαροφώνον,  
 Δὴ τότε μένον ἐν ὕσιον γένος ὕιες Ἰσθὰ.



Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλευεν.  
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπαδὴν φυγαδ' ἐρῶησε θάλασσα  
 Κυματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆ  
 Ἴρος Ἰορδάνης ποτι ἀργυροεῖδα πηγῆν.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμῶσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεοντο,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόντες εὐτραφερω ἐν ἀλῶν.  
 Βαιοτεροὶ δ' ἅμα πασαι ἀνασκιρτήσαν ἐριπναι,  
 Ὅια παραι συρίγι φιλή ὑπο μητερι ἀρνες.  
 Τίπτε συγ' αἶνα θάλασσα πελωρ φυγαδ' ἐρῶησας  
 Κυματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἀρ' ἐστυφελιχθῆς  
 Ἴρος Ἰορδάνη ποτι ἀργυροεῖδα πηγῆν;  
 Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρεσία κλονεεσθε  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγώντης εὐτραφερω ἐν ἀλῶν;  
 Βαιοτεροὶ τί δ' ἀρ' ὑμμεσ ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐριπναι,  
 Ὅια παραι συρίγι φιλή ὑπο μητερι ἀρνες;  
 Σειεὸ γαῖα τρεῖσα θεὸν μεγαλ' ἐκτυπεονία  
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρεῖσ' ὑπατον σεβας Ἰσσακίδαο,  
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλαδῶν ποταμῶς χεε μορμυροῖας,  
 Κρηγῆντ' ἀεναὸν πετρῆς ἀπο δακρυοεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, QUI EUM IGNO-  
 TUM ET INSONTEM INTER REOS FORTE CAPTUM  
 INSCIUS DAMNAVERAT, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευομενος  
 HÆC SUBITO MISIT.

Ὡ ἀνα εἰ ὀλεσῆς με τὸν ἐννομὸν, εἶδε τιν' ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὄλως δρασάντα, σοφωτάτῳ ἰσθι κερῆνον  
 Ρῆιδίῳ ἀφελοῖο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὐθι νοήσεις,  
 Μαψιδίῳ δ' ἀρ' ἐπειτα τέον πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῆ,  
 Τοῖον δ' ἐκ πολίῳ περιωνυμὸν ἀλκαρ ὀλεσσας.

## IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Αμαθει γεγραφθαι χειρι τηνδε μεν εικονα  
 Φαιης ταχ' αν, προς ειδος αυτοφους βλεπων.  
 Τον δ' εκλυπτωτον εκ επιγνωτες φιλοι  
 Γελατε φαυλε δυσμιμημα ζωγραφε.

 AD SALSILLUM POETAM ROMANUM  
 ÆGROTANTEM.

## SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum;  
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incesfu,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,  
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope furas  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,  
 Adefdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salfillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Qamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum  
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis  
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Vifum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ  
 Virofque doctæque indolem juventutis,  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa Salfille,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;

Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.  
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano  
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
O dulce divùm munus, O salus Hebes  
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror  
Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan  
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso  
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.  
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis  
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.  
Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus  
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:  
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges  
Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro:  
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,  
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

## M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum litterarum studio, nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Gerusalemme Conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi  
Risplende il Manfo . . . .

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia profecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi  
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,  
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.  
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,  
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.  
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inficia Musa Marinum  
Tradidit, ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,

Dum canit Affyrios divùm prolixus amores;  
Mollis et Aufonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
Ille itidem moriens tibi foli debita vates  
Offa tibi foli, fupremaque vota reliquit.  
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,  
Vidinus arridentem operofò ex ære poetam.  
Nec fatis hoc vifum eft in utrumque, et nec pia ceffant  
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,  
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:  
Amborum genus, et varia fub forte peractam  
Defcribis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;  
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.  
Ergo ego te Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,  
Manfe pater, jubeo longum falvere per ævum  
Miffus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
Nec tu longinquam bonus afpernabare Mufam,  
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita fub Arcto  
Imprudens Italas aufa eft volitare per urbes.  
Nos etiam in noftro modulantes flumine cygnos  
Credimus obfcuras noctis fenfiffe per umbras,  
Quà Thamefis late puris argenteus urnis  
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.  
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.  
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,  
Quà plaga fepteno mundi fulcata Trione  
Brumalem patitur longâ fub nocte Boöten.  
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo  
Flaventes fpicas, et lutea mala caniftris,  
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nifi vana vetuftas)  
Mifimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.

(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuce.  
 Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque viro-  
 rum,  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates  
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:  
 At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo;  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;  
 Tantùm ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,  
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta  
 Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ  
 Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.  
 Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
 Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas,  
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.  
 Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet  
 Nascentem, et mihi lustrarit lumine Phæbus,

Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
Nondum deciduos fervans tibi frontis honores,  
Ingeniumque vicens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum  
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,  
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;  
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adfit)  
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.  
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
Annorumque satur cineri sua jura relinquam,  
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,  
Astanti fat erit si dicam sim tibi curæ;  
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos  
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.  
Forfitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.  
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certe bouorum,  
Ipse ego cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,  
Quò labor et mens pura velunt, atque ignea virtus,  
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo  
(Quantum fata sinunt) et tota mente serenûm  
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

## EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

## ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetrurizæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,  
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen:

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,

Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,

Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.

Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,

Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,

Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,

Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum

Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.

Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ fedetque sub ulmo,

Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,

Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam nou vocat, agni.

Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,



Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere, Damon!  
 Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus  
 Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?  
 At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,  
 Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,  
 Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,  
 Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,  
 Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit  
 Inter pastores: Illi tibi vota secundo  
 Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,  
 Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:  
 Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,  
 Palladiâsque artes, fociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,  
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus  
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas  
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,  
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?  
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,  
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;  
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit  
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem  
 Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni  
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus  
 auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,  
 Cum Pan æsculeâ fomnum capit abditus umbrâ,  
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,  
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;  
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,  
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,  
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,  
 Hic ferum expecto, supra caput imber et Eurus  
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,  
 Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!  
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
 Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefibœus ad ornos,  
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,  
 "Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,  
 "Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;"  
 Ista canunt furdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,  
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)  
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?  
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,  
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?  
 Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ  
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,  
 Illa choros, lusufque leves, et semper amorem  
 Jure petit; bis ille miser qui ferus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Aegle,  
 Docta modos; citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,  
 Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;  
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hei mihi quam similes ludunt per prata juveni,  
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!  
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
 De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;  
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus  
 Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum  
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
 Farra libens volitat, serò sua tecta revisens,  
 Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
 Fata tulit, rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,  
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.  
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fati  
 Gens homines aliena animis, et pectore discors,  
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,  
 Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viferet olim,  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit;)  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!  
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse, "vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Da-  
 mon,

Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm  
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.

Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,  
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,  
 Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod fit in usus!  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,  
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,  
 Imus? et argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,  
 Helleborúmque, humilésque crocos, foliúmque hya-  
 cinthi,

Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm.  
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm,  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecère magistro.  
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat  
 Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,  
 Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,  
 Diffiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite, sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrafidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennúmque Arvigarúmque duces, priscúmque Beli-  
 num,

Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;  
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernen,  
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorlôis arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,  
 Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu  
 Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis

Brittonicum frides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni  
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sîm ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)  
 Si me flava comas legat Ufa, et potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,  
 Et Thamefis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,  
 Hæc, et plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manus,  
 Manus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:  
 In medio rubri inaris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,  
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis.  
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus,  
 Quis putet? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pha-  
 retræ,

Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo;  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi  
 Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens,  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,  
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,  
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quòd tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quòd tua candida virtus?

Nec te Lethæo fas quæfiviffe sub orco,  
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,  
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,  
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;  
Heroúmque animas inter, divósque perennes,  
Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat  
Ore facro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,  
Dexter ades, placidúfque fave quicumque vocaris,  
Seu tu nofter eris Damon, five æquior audis  
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cunâti  
Cœlicolæ nôrint, fylvisque vocabere Damon.  
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et fine labe juvenus  
Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
En etiam tibi virginei fervantur honores;  
Ipfe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,  
Lætáque frondentis gefans umbracula palmæ  
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;  
Cantus ubi, choreis que furit lyra mifta beatis,  
Fefta Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrfó.

JAN. 23, 1646.

AD

JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM,

DE LIBRO POEMATUM AMISSO, QUEM ILLE SIBI DE-  
NUO MITTI POSTULABAT, UT CUM ALIIS  
NOSTRIS IN BIBLIOTHECA PUB-  
LICA REPONERET, ODE.

STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
Fronde licet geminâ,  
Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,  
Quam manus attulit  
Juvenilis olim,  
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;  
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit  
Infons populi, barbitóque devius  
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio  
Longinquum intonuit melos  
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede;

ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
Subduxit reliquis dolo?  
Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,



Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamefis ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi  
 Aonidum, thyasusque facer  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,  
 Celeberque futurus in ævum;

## STROPHE II.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem  
 (Si fati noxas luimus priores,  
 Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,  
 Et relegatas sine fede Musas  
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenùm;  
 Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaféo.

## ANTISTROPHE,

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus,  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili  
 Callo tereris infitoris insulsi,  
 Lætare felix, en iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget, posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
 In Jovis aulam, remige pennâ;

## STROPHE III.

Nam te Rouſius fui  
 Optat peculi, numeróque juſto  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,  
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta  
 Sunt data virúm monumenta curæ:  
 Téque adytis etiam ſacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipſe præſidet  
 Æternorum operum cuſtos fidelis,  
 Quæſtorque gazæ nobilioris,  
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön,  
 Clarus Erechtheides,  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
 Fulvoſque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Actæá genitus Creuſâ.

## ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo, tu viſere lucos  
 Muſarum ibis amœnos;  
 Diamque Phœbi rurfus ibis in domum,  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit  
 Delo poſthabitâ,  
 Biſiddòque Parnaffi jugo:  
 Ibis honeſtus,  
 Poſtquam egregiam tu quoque fortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece ſollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legéris inter alta nomina  
 Authorum, Graiæ ſimul et Latinæ  
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

## EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc ſterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam ſerò placidam ſperare jubeo

Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas  
 Quas bonus Hermes,  
 Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,  
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque  
     longè  
 Turba legentum prava faceffet;  
 At ultimi nepotes,  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet  
 Roûsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistro-  
 phis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes  
 nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè  
 respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi  
 potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem  
 spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici  
 monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατα*  
*σχεσιγ*, partim *απολελυμενα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt,  
 Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in  
 secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

AD

## CHRISTINAM,

SUECORUM REGINAM NOMINE CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, septem Regina Trionum,  
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli,  
Cernis quas merui dura sub casside rugas,  
Utque senex armis impiger ora tero;  
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
Exequor et populi fortia iussa manu.  
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;  
Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

SELECT NOTES

ON THE

PARADISE REGAINED.

IN order to introduce to more general notice this *elegant* Poem; which has been strangely neglected, though it abounds with MORAL instruction peculiarly adapted to the juvenile age, it has been judged proper to insert NOTES upon it, illustrative of its Beauties, and explanatory of its more difficult or obscure passages.

The limits of our volume will not allow us to *continue* the comment through the other Poems, nor is it indeed so requisite, as their Beauties are generally felt, and as they are read and studied by those who pass over the PARADISE REGAINED with a carelessness bordering on contempt.

# PARADISE REGAINED\*.



## BOOK I.

“MILTON,\*” says Mr. Hayley, “had already executed one extensive divine poem, peculiarly distinguished by richness and sublimity of description: in framing a second he naturally wished to vary its effect; to make it rich in moral sentiment, and sublime in its mode of unfolding the highest wisdom that man can learn; for this purpose it was necessary to keep all the ornamental parts of the poem in due subordination to the precept. This delicate and difficult point is accomplished with such felicity, they are blended together with such exquisite harmony and mutual aid, that, instead of arraigning the plan, we might rather doubt if any possible change could improve it. Assuredly there is no poem of an epic form, where the sublimest moral is so forcibly and so abundantly united to poetical delight: the splendor of the poet does not blaze indeed so intensely as in his larger production; here he resembles the Apollo of Ovid, softening his glory in speaking to his son, and avoiding to dazzle the fancy that he may descend into the heart.”

*Hayley's Life of Milton.*

“To censure the PARADISE REGAINED, because it does not more resemble the PARADISE LOST, is hardly less absurd, than it would be to condemn the Moon for not being a Sun, instead of admiring the two different luminaries, and feeling that both the greater and the less are equally the work of the same divine and inimitable power.”

*Ibid.*

*line 1. page 3. I, who ere while the happy garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost,—]*

The sun of Milton's genius appears to be setting in this poem; but the sunset is a beautiful object, when the evening clouds are tinged with gold and purple.

*Knox.*

*l. 3. p. 3. Recover'd Paradise—]*

It may seem a little odd that Milton should impute the recovery of Paradise to this short scene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not rather extend it to his agony, crucifixion, &c. But the reason no doubt was, that Paradise, *regained* by our Saviour's resisting the temptations of Satan, might be a better contrast to Paradise, *lost* by our first parents too easily yielding to the same seducing spirit. Besides he might, very probably, and indeed very reasonably, be apprehensive, that a subject, so extensive as well as sublime, might be too great a burden for his declining constitution, and a task too long for the short term of years he could then hope for. Even in his Paradise Lost he expresses his fears, lest he had begun too late, and lest *an age too late, or cold climate, or years, should have damp'd his intended wing*; and surely he had much greater cause to dread the same now, and to be very cautious of launching out too far.

*Thyer.*

*l. 8. p. 3. ————— who ledst this glorious eremite  
Into the desert,—]*

It is said, Mat. iv. 1. *Then was Jesus led up of the spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil.* And from the Greek original *ερημη* the desert, and *ερημιτης* an inhabitant of the desert, is rightly formed the word *eremite*; which was used before by Milton in his Paradise Lost, iii. 474.

And by Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, Cant. 11. St. 4.

And in Italian, as well as in Latin, there is *eremita*, which the French, and we after them, contract into *hermite*, *hermit*. *Newton.*

*l. 11. p. 3. —————inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,]*

In the very fine opening of the NINTH book of the PARADISE LOST, Milton thus speaks of *the inspiration of the muse*:

If answerable still I can obtain  
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns  
Her nightly visitation, unimplor'd,  
And DICTATES TO ME SLUMBERING, OR INSPIRES  
EASY MY UNPREMEDITATED VERSE.

So also in his invocation of *Urania*, at the beginning of the SEVENTH book.



More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd  
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,  
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues ;  
 In darknes, and with dangers compass'd round,  
 And solitude; yet not alone, WHILE THOU  
 VISIT'ST MY SLUMBERS NIGHTLY, OR WHEN MORN  
 PURPLES THE EAST; still govern thou my song,  
 URANIA.—

And in the introduction to the second book of *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy*, where he promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country, he adds, "This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer  
 "to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and know-  
 "ledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his  
 "altar, to touch and purify whom he pleases."—Here then we see, that Milton's invocations of the Divine Spirit were not merely *exordia pro formâ*.—Indeed his prose works are not without their invocations.

12. p. 3. ————— *my prompted song, else mute,]*

Milton's third wife, who survived him many years, related of him, that he used to compose his poetry chiefly in winter; and on his waking in a morning would make her write down sometimes twenty or thirty verses. Being asked, whether he did not often read Homer and Virgil, she understood it as an imputation upon him for stealing from those authors, and answered with eagerness, "he stole from nobody  
 "but the Muse who inspired him;" and, being asked by a lady present who the Muse was, replied, "IT WAS GOD'S GRACE AND THE  
 "HOLY SPIRIT THAT VISITED HIM NIGHTLY."

*Newton's Life of Milton.*

Mr. Richardson also says, that "Milton would sometimes lie awake  
 "whole nights, but not a verse could he make; and on a sudden his  
 "poetical fancy would rush upon him with an *impetus* or *æstrum*."

*Johnson's Life of Milton.*

14. p. 3. *With prosperous wing full summ'd,—]*

We have the like expression in *Paradise Lost*, vii. 421.

'They SUMM'D their pens ———

It is a term in falconry. A hawk is said to be *full summ'd*, when all his feathers are grown, when he wants nothing of the *sum* of his feathers, *cui nihil de SUMMA pennarum deest*, as Skinner says.

*Newton.*

44. p. 4. *O ancient powers of air, and this wide world,]*

So the devil is called in scripture *the prince of the power of the air*, Eph. ii. 2. and evil spirits are termed *the rulers of the darkness of this world*, Eph. vi. 12. Satan here summons a council, and opens it as he did in the PARADISE LOST: but here is not that copiousness and variety which is in the other; here are not different speeches and sentiments adapted to the different characters; it is a council without a debate; Satan is the only speaker. And the author, as if conscious of this defect, has artfully endeavoured to obviate the objection, by saying that their danger

——— admits no long debate,

But must with something sudden be oppos'd.

And afterwards,

——— no time was then

For long indulgence to their fears or grief.

The true reason is, he found it impossible to exceed or equal the speeches in his former council, and therefore has assigned the best reason he could for not making any in this. *Newton.*

83. p. 6. *A perfect dove descend,—]*

Vida, like Milton, describes the Holy Ghost descending as a “perfect dove;”

Protinus aurifluo Jordanes gurgite fultit,  
Et superum vasto intonuit domus alta fragore :  
Insuper et cœli claro delapsa columba est  
Vertice per purum, candenti argentea pluma  
Terga, sed auratis circum et rutilantibus alis :  
Jamque viam late signans super affitit ambos,  
Cœlestique aurâ pendens afflavit utrumque.  
Vox simul et magni rubrâ genitoris ab æthrâ  
Audita est, nati dulcem testantis amorem.

*Christiad. iv. 214.*

l. 131. p. 7. *Thou and all Angels conversant on earth,  
With man or men's affairs,—]*

This seems to be taken from the verses attributed to Orpheus;

Ἀγγελοι, ὁισι μεμηλε βροτοι; ὡς παντα τελειται.

Newton.

l. 168. p. 8. *So spake the eternal Father, and all Heaven  
Admiring stood a space,—]*

We cannot but take notice of the great art of the poet in setting forth the dignity and importance of his subject. He represents all beings as interested one way or other in the event. A council of devils is summoned; an assembly of angels is held. Satan is the speaker in the one; the Almighty in the other. Satan expresses his diffidence, but still resolves to make trial of this Son of God; the Father declares his purpose of proving and illustrating his Son. The infernal crew are distracted and surpris'd with deep dismay; all Heaven stands a while in admiration. The fiends are silent through fear and grief; the angels burst forth into singing with joy and the assur'd hopes of success. And their attention is thus engaged, the better to engage the attention of the reader.

Newton.

l. 182. p. 9. ————— *vigils tun'd:]*

This is a very uncommon expression, and not easy to be understood, unless we suppose, that by *vigils* the poet means those songs which they sung while they kept their watches. Singing of hymns is their manner of keeping their *wakes* in Heaven. And I see no reason why their evening service may not be called *vigils*, as their morning service is called *matins*.

Newton.

l. 189. p. 9. *One day walk'd forth alone, the Spirit leading,  
And his deep thoughts,—]*

In what a fine light does Milton here place that text of Scripture, where it is said that *Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness!* He adheres strictly to the inspired historian, and at the same time gives it a turn which is extremely poetical.

Thyer.

l. 201. p. 9. *When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing;—]*

How finely and consistently does Milton here imagine the youthful meditations of our Saviour! How different from, and superiour to, that

superstitious trumpery, which one meets with in the *Evangelium Infantia*, and other such apocryphal trash! Vid. Fabricii Cod. Apoc. N. Test. Thyer.

He seems to allude to Callimachus, who says elegantly of young Jupiter, Hymn. in Jov. 56.

Οξυ δ' ανακησας, ταχινοι δε τοι ηλθον ιελοι.

Αλλ' ετι παιδν εων εφρασσασο παντα τελεια.

Swift was thy growth, and early was thy bloom,  
But earlier wisdom crown'd thy infant days.

Fortin.

Henry Stephens's translation of the latter verse is very much to our purpose.

Verum ætate puer, digna es meditata adulta :

or rather his more paraphrastical translation,

Verum ætate puer, puerili haud more solebas

Ludere; sed jam tum tibi seria cuncta placebant,

Digna ætate animus jam tum volvebat adulta.

And Pindar in like manner praises Demophilus. Pyth. Od. iv. 501. Κειν γαρ εν παισι νε, εν δε βελαις πρεσβυς. Our author might allude to these passages, but he certainly did allude to the words of the Apostle, 1 Cor. xiii. 11. only inverting the thought, *When I was a child, I spake as a child, &c.* Newton.

l. 218. p. 10. *Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,  
Brute violence, and proud tyrannic power,]*

Thus in his Samson Agonistes,

O! how comely it is, and how reviving

To the spirits of JUST men long OPPRESS'D,

When God into the hands of their DELIVERER

Puts INVINCIBLE might

To quell the mighty of the earth, the OPPRESSOR,

The brute and boisterous force of VIOLENT men

Hardy and industrious to support

TYRANNIC POWER, but raging to pursue

The RIGHTEOUS and all such as honour TRUTH;

He all their ammunition

And feats of war defeats,

With PLAIN HEROIC MAGNITUDE OF MIND  
And celestial vigour arm'd.—

*l. 221. p. 10. Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first, &c.]*

The true spirit of toleration breathes in these lines, and the sentiment is very fitly put into the mouth of him, who *came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* *Newton.*

*l. 222. p. 10. By winning words to conquer willing hearts,]*

Virgil GEORG. iv. 561.

————— victorque volentes

Per populos dat jura —————

which expression of Virgil seems to be taken from Xenophon, Oeconomic. xxi. 12. Ου γαρ πανυ μοι δοκει ὄλον τυλι το αγαθον ανθρωπινον ειναι, αλλα θειον, το εθελουσιον αρχειν. *Fortin.*

*l. 227. p. 10. ————— my mother soon perceiving*

————— inly rejoic'd,]

Virgil, ÆN. i. 502.

Latonæ TACITUM pertentant gaudia pectus.

*Fortin.*

*l. 255. p. 11. Just Simeon and prophetic Anna,—]*

It may not be improper to remark how strictly our author adheres to the Scripture history, not only in the particulars which he relates, but also in the very epithets which he affixes to the persons; as here *Just Simeon*, because it is said, Luke ii. 25, *and the same man was just*: and *prophetic Anna*, because it is said, Luke ii. 36, *and there was one Anna a prophetess.* The like accuracy may be observed in all the rest of this speech. *Newton.*

*l. 262. p. 11. ————— and soon found of whom they spake*

*I am—]*

The Jews thought that the Messiah, when he came, would be without all power and distinction, and *unknown even to himself*, till Elias had anointed and declared him. Χριστος δε ει και γεγενηται, και εστι πη, αγνωστος εστι, και ηδε αυτος πω εαυτον επισαται, ηδε εχει δυναμιν τινα, μεχρις αν ελθων Ηλιας χριση αυτον, και φανερον πασι ποιηση. *Just. Mart. Dial. cum Tryph. p. 266. Ed. Col.* *Calton.*

*l. 294. p. 12. So spake our Morning Star—]*

So our Saviour is called in the Revelation, xxii. 16, *the bright and morning star.* *Newton.*

And thus Spenser, in his HYMN OF HEAVENLY LOVE,

O blessed well of love! O flowre of grace!

O glorious MORNING STAR! O lamp of light!

Most lively image of thy Father's face,

Eternal king of glory, Lord of might,

Meek Lamb of God before all worlds beight,

How can we thee requite for all this good?

Or what can prize that thy most precious blood?

*l. 302. p. 13. Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill*

*Sometimes, anon on shady vale, &c.]*

Here the Poet of Paradise Lost breaks out in his meridian splendour. There is something particularly picturesque in this description.

*l. 312. p. 13. The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,]*

The word *worm*, though joined with the epithet *noxious*, may give too low an idea to some readers; but, as we observed upon the Paradise Lost, ix. 1068, where Satan is called *false worm*, it is a general name for the reptile kind; and a serpent is called the mortal worm, by Shakespear, 2 HENRY SIXTH, Act III.

*Newton.*

*l. 458. p. 18. ————— Delphos,—]*

In the famous controversy about ancient and modern learning, Mr. Wotton reproves Sir William Temple for putting *Delphos* for *Delphi* every where in his Essays. Mr. Boyle justifies it, and says that it is used by all the finest writers of our tongue, and best judges of it, particularly Waller, Dryden, Creech, &c. If these authorities may justify Sir William Temple, they may also justify Milton; but certainly the true way of writing it is not *Delphos* in the accusative case, but *Delphi* in the nominative.

*Newton.*

## BOOK II.

*l. 1. p. 23. Mean while the new baptis'd, &c.—]*

The greatest, and indeed justest, objection to this Poem is the narrowness of its plan, which, being confined to that single scene of our Saviour's life on earth, his Temptation in the Desert, has too much sameness in it, too much of the reasoning, and too little of the descriptive part; a defect most certainly in an epic poem, which ought to consist of a proper and happy mixture of the instructive and the delightful. Milton was himself, no doubt, sensible of this imperfection, and has therefore very judiciously contrived and introduced all the little digressions that could with any sort of propriety connect with his subject, in order to relieve and refresh the reader's attention. The following conversation betwixt Andrew and Simon upon the missing of our Saviour so long, with the Virgin's reflections on the same occasion, and the council of the Devils how best to attack their enemy, are instances of this sort, and both very happily executed in their respective ways. The language of the former is cool and unaffected, corresponding most exactly to the humble pious character of the speakers: that of the latter is full of energy and majesty, and not inferior to their most spirited speeches in the Paradise Lost.

*Thyer.*

*l. 42. p. 24. ———— God of Israel,*

*Send thy Messiah forth, &c.]*

This sudden turn and breaking forth into prayer to God is beautiful. The prayer itself is conceived very much in the spirit of the Psalms, and almost in the words of some of them.

*Newton.*

*l. 153. p. 28. Set women in his eye, &c.]*

As this temptation is not mentioned in the Gospels, it could not with any propriety have been proposed to our Saviour; it is much more fitly made the subject of debate among the wicked spirits themselves. All that can be said in praise of the power of beauty, and all that can be alleged to depreciate it, is here summed up with greater force and elegance, than I ever remember to have seen in any other author.

*Newton.*

l. 186. p. 29. ————— *Calisto, Clymene,*  
*Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,*  
*Or Amymone, Syrinx,—]*

All these mistresses of the gods might have been furnished from Ovid, who is said to have been our Author's favourite Latin Poet. Indeed that he was so at an early period of life, appears from Milton's frequent imitations of him in his juvenile Latin Poems.—For *Calisto*, see Ovid. MET. ii. 409. et FAST. ii. 155.—For *Clymene*, the mother of *Phaeton*, MET. i. *ad finem*.—*Daphne*; MET. i. 452.—*Semele*; MET. iii. 253.—*Antiopa*; MET. vi. 110.—*Amymone*; EPIST. xix. 131. et I. AMOR. x. 5.—*Syrinx*; MET. i. 690.

The story of *Calisto* is recorded also by Milton's favourite tragic poet Euripides.

Ω μακαρ Αρκαδία ποιε παρθενε  
 Καλλισοι, Διος 'α λεχων επε-  
 -δας, τετραβαμοσι γυιοις  
 'Ως πολυ ματρος εμας ελαχες πλεον.

Euripid. HELEN. 381.

Happy *Calisto*, thou Arcadian nymph,  
 That didst ascend the couch of *Jove*; transform'd  
 To a four-footed savage, far more blest  
 Art thou, than she to whom I owe my birth.

Wodhull.

And *Semele* is mentioned in his *HYPPOLITUS*, v. 456.

'Οσοι μεν ουν γραφας τε των παλαιτερων  
 Εχουσιν, αυτοι τ' εισιν εν μουσαις αει,  
 Ισασι μεν, Ζευς 'ως πολ' ηρασθη γαμων  
 Σεμελης. —————

They who with ancient writings have convers'd,  
 And ever dwell among the tuneful Nine,  
 Know how to Theban *Semele's* embrace  
 Flew amorous *Jove*. —————

Wodhull.

The story of *Antiopa*, or *Antiope*, is recorded likewise by *Propertius*, (L. iii. EL. 14.) a Poet whom (as Mr. Warton observes) Milton has occasionally imitated. *Antiope* is also mentioned in a Greek Epigram, in the *Anthologia*, where four of *Jupiter's* principal amours,



and the disguises under which he accomplished them, are recited with the usual Greek epigrammatic brevity.

ΖΕΥΣ, ΚΥΚΝΟΣ, ΤΑΥΡΟΣ, ΣΑΤΥΡΟΣ, ΧΡΥΣΟΣ ΔΙ' ΕΡΩΤΗΣ

Αηδης, Ευρωπης, ΑΝΤΙΟΠΗΣ, Δαναης.

*Dunster.*

*l. 190. p. 29. Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,]*

*Calisto, Semele, and Antiopa, were mistresses to Jupiter; Clymene and Daphne to Apollo; and Syrinx to Pan.*—Both here and elsewhere Milton considers the gods of the heathens as demons or devils. Thus, in the Septuagint version of the Psalms; ΠΑΝΤΕΣ ΟΙ ΘΕΟΙ ΤΩΝ ΕΘΝΩΝ ΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΑ. Psalm xcvi. 5. (and likewise in the Vulgate Latin, *Quoniam omnes Dii gentium dæmonia.*) And the notion of the demons having commerce with women in the shape of the heathen gods is very ancient, and is expressly asserted by Justin Martyr. *See* Apol. i. P. 10. et 33. edit. Thirlbii.

*Newton.*

*l. 190. p. 29. ————— Pan,*

*Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan?—]*

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine

Dwell'ft here with PAN, OR SYLVAN,— COMUS, 267.

Milton notices all these rural demi-gods and their amours, in his beautiful Latin Elegy, IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

*l. 196. p. 29. Remember that Pellean conqueror,]*

Alexander the Great was born at *Pella* in Macedonia: his continence and clemency to Darius's queen and daughters, and the other Persian ladies whom he took captive after the battle of Iffus, are commended by the historians. Tum quidem ita se gefsit, ut omnes antecum reges et continentia et clementia vincerentur. Virgines enim regias excellentis formæ tam sancte habuit, quam si eodem quo ipse parente genitæ forent: conjugem ejusdem, quam nulla ætatis suæ pulchritudine corporis vicit, adeo ipse non violavit, ut summam adhibuerit curam, ne quis captivo corpori illuderet, &c. Quint. Curt. lib. iii. cap. 9. He was then a young conqueror, of about twenty-three years of age, *a youth*, as Milton expresses it.

*Newton.*

*l. 199. p. 29. How he firnam'd of Africa dismiss'd,*

*In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.]*

The continence of Scipio Africanus at the age of twenty-four, and his generosity in restoring a beautiful Spanish lady to her husband and

friends, are celebrated by Polybius, Livy, Valerius Maximus, and various other authors.

Newton.

*l. 214. p. 30. ——— (as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell,)]*

Η, και απο σθησφιν ελυσατο κερσον ιμανια,  
Ποικιλον' ενθα δε οι θεκληρηρα παντα τετυκιο  
Ενθ' ενι μεν φιλοτης, εν δ' ιμερος, εν δ' οαριςυς,  
Παρφασις, η τ' εκλεψε νοον πυκα περ φρονεοντων.

Iliad. xiv. 214.

She said. With awe divine the queen of love

Obej'd the sister and the wife of Jove :

And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,

With various skill and high embroidery grac'd.

In this was every art, and every charm,

To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,

The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,

Perfusive speech, and more perfusive sighs,

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

Pope.

*l. 215. p. 30. ————— so fables tell,]*

The words *so fables tell* look as if the Poet had forgot himself, and spoke in his own person rather than in the character of Satan.

Newton.

*l. 216. p. 30. ————— one look from his majestic brow,  
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,]*

Here is the construction that we often meet with in Milton : from his majestic brow, that is, from the majestic brow of *him* seated as on the top of virtue's hill : and the expression of *virtue's hill* was probably in allusion to the rocky eminence on which the virtues are placed in the table of Cebes, or the arduous ascent up the hill to which virtue is represented pointing in the best designs of *the judgment of Hercules*.

Newton.

Milton's meaning here is best illustrated by a passage in Shakespeare; which most probably he had in his mind.—Hamlet, in the scene with his mother, pointing to the picture of his father, says,

See what a GRACE WAS SEATED ON THAT BROW !

Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;  
An eye, like Mars to threaten or command, &c.

Thus also, in LOVE'S LABOUR LOST,

What peremptory eagle-fighted eye,  
Dares look upon THE HEAVEN OF HER BROW,  
That is not BLINDED BY HER MAJESTY ?

ACT III. Sc. 4.

*l. 266. p. 32. Him thought,—]*

We say now, and more justly, *he thought*; but *him thought* is of the same construction as *me thought*, and is used by our old writers, as by Fairfax, Cant. 13. St. 40.

HIM THOUGHT he heard the softly whistling wind.

*Newton.*

*l. 308. p. 33. The fugitive bond-woman, with her son  
Outcast Nebaioth,—]*

Hagar, who fled from the face of her mistress, Gen. xvi. 6, is therefore called a *fugitive*: her son was not a fugitive, but an *out-cast*; so exact was our author in the use of his epithets.

*l. 313. p. 33. Native of Thebez,—]*

*Thebez* is the same as *Thebe*, or *Thiſbe*, or *Tiſhbe*, the birth-place of the prophet Elijah.

*Newton.*

*l. 313. p. 33. ————— wandering here was fed]*

It appears that Milton conceived the wilderness, where Hagar wandered with her son, and where the Israelites were fed with manna, and where Elijah retreated from the rage of Jezebel, to be the same with the wilderness where our Saviour was tempted. And yet it is certain, that they were very different places; for the wilderness where Hagar wandered was *the wilderness of Beer-sheba*, Gen. xxi. 14; and where the Israelites were fed with manna was *the wilderness of Sin*, Exod. xvi. 1; and where Elijah retreated was *in the wilderness, a day's journey from Beer-sheba*, 1 Kings, xix. 4; and where our Saviour was tempted was *the wilderness near Jordan*. But our author considers all that tract of country as one and the same wilderness, though distinguished by different names from the different places adjoining.

*Newton.*

*l. 340. p. 34. A table richly spread, &c.]*

This temptation is not recorded in Scripture, but is however in-

vented with great consistency, and very aptly fitted to the present condition of our Saviour. This way of embellishing his subject is a privilege which every poet has a just right to, provided he observes harmony and decorum in his hero's character; and one may further add, that Milton had in this particular place still a stronger claim to an indulgence of this kind, since it was a pretty general opinion among the Fathers, that our Saviour underwent many more temptations than those which are mentioned by the Evangelists; nay, Origen goes so far as to say, that he was every day, whilst he continued in the wilderness, attacked by a fresh one. The beauties of this description are too obvious to escape any reader of taste. It is copious, and yet expressed with a very elegant conciseness. Every proper circumstance is mentioned, and yet it is not at all clogged or incumbered, as is often the case, with too tedious a detail of particulars. It was a scene entirely fresh to our author's imagination, and nothing like it had before occurred in his *Paradise Lost*, for which reason he has been the more diffuse, and laboured it with greater care, with the same good judgment that makes him in other places avoid expatiating on scenes which he had before described. In a word, it is in my opinion worked up with great art and beauty, and plainly shews the crudity of that notion which so much prevails among superficial readers, that Milton's genius was upon the decay when he wrote his *Paradise Regained*.

*Thyer.*

The banquet here furnished by Satan, Bishop Newton observes, is like that prepared by Armida for her lovers. Tasso, C. x. 64.

Apprestar sù l' herbetta, ov' è più densa  
 L' ombra, e vicino al suon de l'acque chiare,  
 Fece di sculti vasi altera mensa,  
 E ricca di vivande elette e care.  
 Era quì ciò ch' ogni stagion dispensa,  
 Ciò che dona la terra, ò manda il mare,  
 Ciò che l' arte condisce, e cento belle  
 Servivano al convito accorte ancelle.

Under the curtain of the green-wood shade,  
 Beside the brook upon the velvet grass,

In massy vefsel of pure filver made,  
 A banquet rich and costly furnish'd was;  
 All beasts, all birds beguil'd by fowler's trade,  
 All fish were there in floods or seas that pass;  
 All dainties made by art: and at the table  
 An hundred virgins serv'd —————

*Fairfax.*

In *COMUS*, where the Lady is tempted by the Enchanter, the scene is laid in “*a stately palace set out with all manner of deliciousness, soft music, and tables spread with all dainties.*”

*l. 343. p. 34. In pastry built—]*

The pastry in the beginning of the last century was frequently of considerable magnitude and solidity. Of such kind must have been the pye in which Jeffrey Hudson, afterwards King James's Dwarf, when eight years old was served up to table at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham. We may suppose this pye was not considerably larger than was usual on such occasions, otherwise the joke would have lost much of its effect from something extraordinary being expected. A species of *mural* pastry seems to have prevailed in some of the preceding centuries, when artificial representations of castles, towers, &c. were very common at all great feasts, and were called *futtleties*, *subilties*, or *foilties*.—Leland, in his account of the entertainment at the enthronization of Archbishop Warham in 1504, (*Collectanea*, Vol. 6) mentions “*a futtlety of three stages, with vanes and towres embattled,*” and “*a warner with eight towres embattled, and made with flowers;*” which possibly meant *made in pastry*.—In the catalogue of the expences at this feast there is a charge for wax and sugar, *in operatione de le foilties*. Probably the wax and sugar were employed to render the paste of flour more adhesive and tenacious, the better to support itself when moulded into such a variety of forms.

*l. 344. p. 34. Gris-amber-steam'd;—]*

Ambergris, or grey-amber, is esteemed the best, and used in perfumes and cordials. A curious lady communicated the following remarks upon this passage to Mr. Peck, which we will here transcribe. “*Grey amber is the amber our author here speaks of, and melts like butter. It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a banquet; viz. to fume the meat with, and that whether boiled,*

“ roasted, or baked; laid often on the top of a baked pudding; which  
 “ last I have eat of at an old courtier’s table. And I remember in an  
 “ old chronicle there is much complaint of the nobilities being made  
 “ sick at Cardinal Wolsey’s banquets, with rich scented cakes and  
 “ dishes most costly dressed with ambergris. I also recollect I once  
 “ saw a little book writ by a gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth’s court,  
 “ where ambergris is mentioned as the hautgout of that age. I fancy  
 “ Milton transposed the word for the sake of his verse; to make it  
 “ read more poetically.” And Beaumont and Fletcher in the CUS-  
 TOM OF THE COUNTRY, Act III. Scene 2.

————— Be sure

The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,

And AMBER’D ALL.

Newton.

Mr. Warton, in his Note on COMUS, V. 863, cites several curious passages, which shew that amber was formerly a favourite in cookery; among others, one from Massinger’s CITY MADAM, where “pheasants DRENCH’D WITH AMBERGRIS” are spoken of as a prime delicacy; and another from Marmion’s ANTIQUARY, which mentions “a fat nightingale seasoned with pepper and AMBERGRIS.”

l. 346. p. 34. And exquisitest name,—]

This alludes to that species of Roman luxury, which gave *exquisite names* to fish of exquisite taste, such as that they called *cerebrum Jovis*. They extended this even to a very capacious dish, as that they called *clypeum Minervæ*. The modern Italians fall into the same wantonness of luxurious impiety, as when they call their exquisite wines by the names of *lacrymæ Christi* and *lac Virginis*.

Warburton.

l. 346. p. 34. ————— for which was drain’d

Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.]

The fish are brought to furnish this banquet from all the different parts of the world then known; from *Pontus*, or the Euxine Sea, in Asia; from the *Lucrine Bay*, in Italy; and from the *coast of Africa*; all which places are celebrated for different kinds of fish by the authors of antiquity.

Newton.

l. 349. p. 34. ————— that diverted Eve!]

*Diverted* is here used in the Latin signification of *diverto*, to turn aside.

Newton.

*l. 353. p. 34. Than Ganymed or Hylas;—]*

These were two most beautiful youths, cup-bearers; Ganymede to Jupiter, and Hylas to Hercules.

*Newton.*

*l. 359. p. 35. — faery damsels met in forest wide*

*By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,*

*Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.]*

Sir *Lancelot*, *Pelleas*, and *Pellenore*, (the latter by the title of *King Pellenore*) are *Persons* in the old Romance of MORTE ARTHUR, or *The Lyf of King Arthur, of his noble Knyghtes of the round table, and in thende the dolorous deth of them all*; written originally in French, and translated into English by Sir Thomas Malleory, Knt. printed by William Caxton, 1484.—From this old Romance, Mr. Warton (*OBSERVATIONS ON SPENSER*, Sect. 2) shews that Spenser borrowed much. Sir Lancelot is there called of *Logris*; and Sir Triftram is named of *Lyones*, under which title he appears also in the *Faery Queen*. *Logris* is the same with *Loegria* (according to the more fabulous historians, and amongst them Milton), an old name for England. Holinshed calls it both *Loegria* and *Logiers*. In his *History of England*, B. ii. 4. 5, having related the conquest of our Island by Brute, or Brutus, a Trojan, and his building the city of Troynovant, he thus proceeds. “When Brutus had builded this city and brought it under his subjection, he by the advice of his nobles commanded this isle (which before hight Albion) to be called Britain, and the inhabitants Britons after his name, for a perpetual memorie that he was first bringer of them into the land. In this mean while also he had by his wife three sons, the first named Loctrinus or Loctrine, the second Cambris or Camber, the third Albanactus or Albanact. Now when the time of his death drew neere, to the first he betooke the government of that part of the land now known by the name of England, so that the same was long after called LOEGRIA or LOGIERS of this Loctrinus,” &c. &c.—The same author, in his *Description of Britain*, instead of *Loegria*, or *Logiers*, writes it LHOEGRES. The Title of his TWENTY-SECOND Chapter is, *after what manner the sovereigntie of this isle doth remaine to the princes of Lhoegres or kings of England*. Spenser, in his *FAERY QUEEN*, where he gives

the *Chronicle of the early Briton Kings from Brute to Uther's reign*, calls it *Logris*.

Lochrine was left the sovereign lord of all,  
 But Albanact had all the northern part  
 Which of himself Albania he did call;  
 And Camber did possess the western quart  
 Which Severn now from LOGRIS doth depart.

B. II. C. x. 14.

*Lyonnes* was an old name for Cornwall, or at least for a part of that county. Camden (in his *BRITANNIA*), speaking of the *Land's End*, says, "the inhabitants are of opinion that this promontory did once reach farther to the west, which the seamen positively conclude from the rubbish they draw up. The neighbours will tell you too, from a certain old tradition, that the land there drowned by the incursions of the sea was called *Lionesse*." Sir Tristram of *Lyonnes*, or *Lionesse*, is well known to the readers of the old romances. In the *French* translation of the *ORLANDO INAMORATO* of Boiardo, he is termed *Triftran de Leonnois*, although in the original he is only mentioned by the single name of Triftran. In the *Orlando Inamorato* also, among the knights, who defend Angelica in the fortress of Albracca against Agrican, is Sir Hubert of *Lyonnes*, *Uburto dal Lione*.—Tristram, in his account of himself in the *FAERY QUEEN*, B. VI. C. ii. 28, says,

And Tristram is my name, the only heir  
 Of good king Meliograss, which did reign  
 In Cornwall, till that he through life's despair  
 Untimely died. ———

He then relates how his Uncle seized upon the crown, whereupon his Mother, conceiving great fears for her son's personal safety, determined to send him into "some foreign land."

So, taking counsel of a wise man read,  
 She was by him advis'd to send me quite  
 Out of the country wherein I was bred,  
 The which the fertile LIONESSE is hight,  
 Into the land of Faery. ———

These particulars, Mr. Warton shews, are drawn from the *MORTE*



ARTHUR, where it is said, "there was a knight Meliodas, and he was " Lord and King of the county of Lyones, and he wedded King Marke's " sister of Cornewale."—The issue of this marriage was Sir Tristram. These Knights, he also observes, are there often represented as meeting beautiful damsels in desolate forests.—Indeed a forest was almost as necessary in an old romance as a valorous knight, or a beautiful damsel, whose beauty and prowess were severally to be endangered and proved by the difficulties and dangers they underwent amidst

— forests and enchantments drear,

PENSEROSO, 119.

Milton's later thoughts could not, we find, but rove at times where, as he himself told us, "his younger feet wandered," when he "be- " took him among those lofty fables and romances, which recount in " solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious " kings, and from hence had in renowne over all Christendome."—*APOL. FOR SMECTYMN.* p. 177. *Prose Works.* ed. Amst. 1698.

Sir Pelleas, "a very valorous knight of Arthur's round table," is one of those who pursue the Blatant beast, when, after having been conquered and chained up by Sir Calidore, it "broke its iron chain," and again "ranged through the world." *FAERY QUEEN*, B. VI. C. xii. 39. *Warton.*

*l. 365. p. 35. ————— Flora's earliest smells.]*

We may collect from many passages in our Author's poems, that he was habitually acquainted with the beauties of the early morning, and particularly sensible of them. Mr. Warton says that he "has delineated them with the lively pencil of a lover." *Note on LYCIDAS*, 27.

In his *ARCADES*, 56, he speaks of

— the ODOROUS BREATH OF MORN.

In the *PARADISE LOST*, iv. 641. he likewise alludes to the peculiar fragrance of flowers at "that sweet hour of prime ;

Sweet is the BREATH OF MORN, her rising sweet—

And in the beginning of the *FIFTH* Book, Adam thus concludes the speech in which he comforts Eve, on her waking in the morning, respecting her troublesome dream ;

Be not dishearten'd then, nor cloud those looks,

That wont to be more cheerful and serene

THAN WHEN FAIR MORNING FIRST SMILES ON THE  
WORLD;

And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,

THAT OPEN NOW THEIR CHOICEST BOSOM'D SMELLS.

Philips, the imitator of our author, has most beautifully, and in a manner perfectly worthy of his master, copied the idea expressed in the last line:

———— when the kind early dew

Unlocks embosom'd odors, —————

CIDER, ii. 59.

But to revert to Milton, where he speaks more at large, and perfectly *con amore*;

Now when as sacred light began to dawn

In Eden on THE HUMID FLOWERS THAT BREATH'D

THEIR MORNING INCENSE, when all things that breathe

From the earth's great altar send up silent praise

To the Creator, and his nostrils fill

With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,

And join'd their vocal worship to the quire

Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake

THE SEASON PRIME FOR SWEETEST SCENTS AND AIRS:

PARADISE LOST, ix. 192.

To the first part of which passage we may trace Mr. Gray, in a highly-finished line of his ELEGY;

The breezy call of INCENSE-BREATHING MORN,—

We find a semblance of "Flora's earliest smells" in the following very picturesque and poetical stanza of Spenser.

Thus being enter'd they behold around

A large and spacious plain, on every side

Strowed with pleasance, whose fair grassy ground

Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide

With all the ornaments of FLORA's pride,

Wherewith her mother Art, as half in scorn

Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride

Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,

WHEN FORTH FROM VIRGIN BOWER SHE COMES IN TH'  
EARLY MORN. F. Q. B. II. 12. 50.

Warton.

l. 423. p. 37. *What rais'd Antipater the Edomite,  
And his son Herod plac'd on Judah's throne,]*

This appears to be the fact from history. When Josephus introduces Antipater upon the stage, he speaks of him as abounding with great riches. Φιλῶς δὲ τις Ὑρκανῶν Ἰδουμαίων, Ἀντιπατρῶς λεγομένου, πολλῶν μὲν εὐπορῶν χρημάτων, κ. τ. λ. Antiq. lib. xiv. cap. 1. And his son Herod was declared king of Judea by the favour of Mark Antony, partly for the sake of the money which he promised to give him;—τα δὲ καὶ ὑπο χρημάτων ὧν αὐτῷ Ἡρώδης ὑπέσχετο δῶσειν εἰ γενούτο βασιλεύς. Ibid. cap. 14. Newton.

l. 439. p. 37. *Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad,]*

Our Saviour is rightly made to cite his first instances from Scripture, and of his own nation, as being the best known to him; but it is with great art that the poet also supposes him not to be unacquainted with heathen history, for the sake of introducing a greater variety of examples. Gideon saith of himself, *O my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.* Judges, vi. 15. And Jephtha was the son of an harlot, and his brethren thrust him out, and said unto him, *Thou shalt not inherit in our father's house, for thou art the son of a strange woman.* Judges, xi. 1, 2. And the exaltation of David from a sheep-hook to a sceptre is very well known. *He chose David also his servant, and took him from the sheep-folds: From following the ewes great with young, he brought him to feed Jacob his people, and Israel his inheritance.* Psalm lxxviii. 70, 71. Newton.

l. 446. p. 37. *Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus,]*

*Quintius Cincinnatus* was twice invited from following the plough to be consul and dictator of Rome; and after he had subdued the enemy, when the senate would have enriched him with public lands and private contributions, he rejected all these offers, and retired again to his cottage and old course of life. *Fabricius* could not be bribed by all the large offers of king Pyrrhus to aid him in negotiating a peace with the Romans: and yet he lived and died so poor, that he was buried at the

public expence, and his daughters fortunes were paid out of the treasury. *Curius Dentatus* would not accept of the lands which the senate had assigned him for the reward of his victories; and when the ambassadors of the Samnites offered him a large sum of money as he was sitting at the fire and roasting turnips with his own hands, he nobly refused to take it, saying that it was his ambition not to be rich, but to command those who were so. And *Regulus*, after performing many great exploits, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and sent with the ambassadors to Rome to treat of peace, upon oath to return to Carthage, if no peace or exchange of prisoners should be agreed upon: but was himself the first to dissuade a peace, and chose to leave his country, family, friends, every thing, and return a glorious captive to certain tortures and death, rather than suffer the senate to conclude a dishonourable treaty. Our Saviour cites these instances of noble Romans in order of time, as he did those of his own nation: and, as Mr. Calton observes, the Romans in the most degenerate times were fond of these (and some other like) examples of ancient virtue; and their writers of all sorts delight to introduce them: but the greatest honour that poetry ever did them is here, by the praise of the Son of God.

*Newton.*

*l. 453. p. 38. Extol not riches then, &c.—]*

Milton concludes this book and our Saviour's reply to Satan with a series of thoughts as noble and just, and as worthy of the speaker, as can possibly be imagined. I think one may venture to affirm, that, as the *Paradise Regained* is a poem entirely moral and religious, the excellency of which does not consist so much in bold figures and strong images, as in deep and virtuous sentiments expressed with a becoming gravity, and a certain decent majesty, this is as true an instance of the sublime, as the battles of the Angels in the *Paradise Lost*. *Thyer.*

*l. 466. p. 38. Yet he, who reigns within himself, &c.—]*

“The *Paradise Regained*,” Mr. Hayley very justly observes, “is a poem that particularly deserves to be recommended to ardent and ingenuous youth, as it is admirably calculated to inspire that spirit of self-command, which is, as Milton esteemed it, the truest heroism, and the triumph of Christianity.”

*Life of Milton, p. 126.*

*l. 476. p. 38. Is yet more kingly;—]*

In this speech concerning riches and realms, our poet has culled all the choicest, finest flowers out of the heathen poets and philofophers who have written upon these subjects. It is not so much their words, as their substance sublimed and improved. But here he soars above them, and nothing could have given him so complete an idea of a divine teacher, as the life and character of our Blessed Saviour.

*Newton.*

### B O O K III.

*l. 13. p. 43. ————— as the oracle*

*Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems*

*On Aaron's breast;—]*

Aaron's breast-plate was a piece of cloth doubled, of a span square, in which were set in sockets of gold twelve precious stones bearing the names of the twelve tribes of Israel engraven on them, which being fixed to the ephod, or upper vestment of the high priest's robes, was worn by him on his breast on all solemn occasions. In this breast-plate the *Urim* and *Thummim*, say the Scriptures, were put. And the learned Prideaux, after giving some account of the various opinions concerning *Urim* and *Thummim*, says it will be safest to hold, that the words *Urim* and *Thummim* meant only the divine virtue and power, given to the breast-plate in its consecration, of obtaining an oraculous answer from God, whenever counsel was asked of him by the high-priest with it on, in such manner as his words did direct; and that the names of *Urim* and *Thummim* were given hereto only to denote the clearness and perfection which these oracular answers always carried with them. For *Urim* signifieth *light*, and *Thummim*, *perfection*. *Newton.*

*l. 25. p. 44. ————— glory the reward]*

Our Saviour having withstood the allurements of riches, Satan attacks him in the next place with the charms of glory. I have sometimes

thought that Milton might possibly take the hint of thus connecting these two temptations from Spenser, who, in his second book of the Faery Queen, representing the virtue of temperance under the character of Guyon, and leading him through various trials of his constancy, brings him to the house of riches, or *Mammon's delve*, as he terms it, and immediately after to the palace of glory, which he describes, in his allegorical manner, under the figure of a beautiful woman called *Philotimè*. Thyer.

*l. 31. p. 44. Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe;—]*

Our Saviour's temptation was soon after his baptism; and he was baptized when he was *about thirty years of age*. Luke iii. 23. *Newton.*

*l. 71. p. 45. They err, who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to over-run  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault: &c.—]*

Here might be an allusion intended to Lewis THE FOURTEENTH, who at this time began to disturb Europe, and whose vanity and ambition were gratified by titles, such as are here mentioned, from his numerous parasites.

We may here compare PARADISE LOST, xi. 691.

To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Man slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory, and for glory done  
Of triumph, to be styl'd great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods,  
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men.

And again, ver. 789 of the same book.

—— in acts of prowess eminent

And great exploits, but of true virtue void;  
Who having spilt much blood, and done much waste,  
Subduing nations, and achiev'd thereby  
Fame in the world, high titles and rich prey,  
Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth. *Dunster.*

*l. 74. p. 45. ————— what do these worthies,  
But rob and spoil, &c.—]*

Thus Drummond, in his SHADOW OF THE JUDGMENT ;

All live on earth by spoil \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

Who most can ravage, rob, ranfack, blaspheme,

Is held most virtuous, hath a WORTHY's name:—

And Thucydides, describing the ancient inhabitants of Greece, says,  
 “ They betook themselves to robbing under the direction of persons by  
 “ no means despicable, and spent their lives chiefly in plundering de-  
 “ fenceless towns and villages ; these practices being so far from discre-  
 “ ditable, that they were attended with a certain degree of honour.”—

ετραπευοντο προς λησειαν, ηγμενων ανδρων η των αδυνατωτατων — —  
 — — και προσπιπλοντες πολεσιν ατειχιςοις, και κατα κωμας οικημε-  
 ναις, ηρπαζον, και τον πλειστον τη βιη εντευθεν εποικνιλο ουκ εχοντος πα  
 αισχυνην τούτη τη εργη, φερωντος δε τι και θυξης μαλλον. L. i. C. 5.

Dunster.

*l. 75. p. 45. But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and inslave  
 Peaceable nations, neighb'ring, or remote,  
 Made captive,—]*

This description of the ravages of conquerors may have been copied  
 from some of the accounts of the barbarous nations that invaded Rome.  
 Ovid describes the Getæ thus *spoiling, robbing, slaying, enslaving, and  
 burning.*

Hostis, equo pollens longèque volante sagittâ,

Vicinam latè depopulatur humum.

Diffugiunt alii ; nullisque tuentibus agros

Incustoditæ diripiuntur opes ;

Ruris opes parvæ, pecus et stridentia plaustra,

Et quas divitias incola pauper habet.

Pars agitur vincētis post tergum capta lacertis,

Respiciens frustra rura laremque suum.

Pars cadit hamatis mœrè confixa sagittis ;

Nam volucris ferro tinētis virus incit.

Quæ nequeunt secum ferre aut abducere, perdunt :

Et cremat infontes hostica flamma casas.

TRIST. iii. El. x. 55.

Dunster.

l. 78. p. 45. ————— *who leave behind*

*Nothing but ruin—]*

Thus, Joel ii. 3. *The land is as the garden of Eden before them, and*  
BEHIND THEM A DESOLATE WILDERNESS.

And Mr. Gray, in his BARD, has a similar description finely expressed, where he speaks of the conquests of Edward the Black Prince in France.

————— What terrors round him wait!

Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,

And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

*Dunster.*

l. 81. p. 46. ————— *and must be titled Gods,*

*Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,]*

The second Antiochus king of Syria was called Antiochus Θεός, or *the God*: and the learned author De Epoch. Syro-Macedonum, p. 109, speaks of a coin of Epiphanes inscribed Θεῷ Επιφανῆς. The Athenians gave Demetrius Poliorcetes, and his father Antigonus, the titles of Ευεργεταί, *Benefactors*, and Σωτηρες, *Deliverers*.

*Calton.*

In Froelick's *Annales regum et rerum Syriae* there are prints of five different coins of Antiochus Epiphanes, with the inscription ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΑΝΤΙΟΧΟΥ ΘΕΟΥ ΕΠΙΦΑΝΟΥΣ. The first Antiochus was called ΣΩΤΗΡ; as was the first Ptolemy king of Egypt. Two of the Ptolemies assumed the title of ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΣ.—Diodorus Siculus relates that the Syracusans with one voice saluted Gelon by the titles of Benefactor, Deliverer, and King.—*μία φωνη παντας αποκαλειν ΕΥΕΡΓΕΤΗΝ, και ΣΩΤΗΡΑ, και ΒΑΣΙΛΕΑ.* L. ii. 26.

The title of *ευεργετης*, as assumed by tyrants, is referred to, Luke xxii. 25.—*And they that exercise authority over them ARE CALLED BENEFACTORS.*

When Demetrius Poliorcetes returned from his expedition to Corcyra, the Athenians received him with divine honours, and in their hymns and chorusses celebrated him as "the only true God, for that all other Gods were asleep, or were gone abroad, or did not exist."—*ως ειη μονος θεος αληθινος, οι δε αλλοι καθυδουσιν, η απιδημῶσιν, η ουκ εισιν.* Demochares ap. Athenæm. L. 6.

*Dunster.*



*l. 84. p. 46. (One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,)]*

Alexander is particularly intended by the one, and Romulus by the other, who, though better than Alexander, founded his empire in the blood of his brother, and for his over-grown tyranny was at last destroyed by his own senate. *Newton.*

*l. 109. p. 46. Think not so slight of glory;—]*

There is nothing throughout the whole poem more expressive of the true character of the Tempter than this reply. There is in it all the falsehood of *the father of lies*, and the glozing subtlety of an insidious deceiver. The argument is false and unfound, and yet it is veiled over with a certain plausible air of truth. The poet has also, by introducing this, furnished himself with an opportunity of explaining that great question in divinity, why God created the world, and what is meant by that glory which he expects from his creatures. This may be no improper place to observe to the reader the author's great art in weaving into the body of so short a work so many grand points of the Christian theology and morality. *Thyer.*

*l. 158. p. 48. Reduc'd a province under Roman yoke,]*

Judæa was reduced to the form of a Roman province, in the reign of Augustus, by Quirinius, or Cyrenius, then governor of Syria; and Coponius, a Roman of the equestrian order, was appointed to govern it, under the title of Procurator. *Newton.*

*l. 159. p. 48. ————— nor is always rul'd*

*With temperate sway—]*

The Roman government indeed was not always the most temperate. At this time Pontius Pilate was procurator of Judea, and, it appears from history, was a most corrupt and flagitious governor. See particularly Philo, *de Legatione ad Caium*. *Newton.*

*l. 160. p. 48. ————— oft have they violated*

*The temple, &c.—]*

Pompey, with several of his officers, entered not only into the holy place, but also penetrated into the holy of holies, where none were permitted by the law to enter, except the high priest alone, once in a year, on the great day of expiation. Antiochus Epiphanes had before been guilty of a similar profanation. See 2 Macab. C. v.

*Newton.*

*l.* 165. *p.* 48. *So did not Maccabeus, &c.—*]

The Tempter had noticed the profanation of the temple by the Romans, as well as that by Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria; and now he would infer, that Jesus was to blame for not vindicating his country against the one, as *Judas Maccabeus* had done against the other. He fled indeed into the wilderness from the persecutions of Antiochus, but there he took up arms against him, and obtained so many victories over his forces, that he recovered the city and sanctuary out of their hands, and his family was in his brother Jonathan advanced to the high priesthood, and in his brother Simon to the principality, and so they continued for several descents sovereign pontiffs and sovereign princes of the Jewish nation till the time of Herod the great: though their father Mattathias, (the son of John, the son of Simon, the son of Asmonæus, from whom the family had the name of Asmoneans,) was no more than a priest of the course of Joarib, and dwelt at Modin, which is famous for nothing so much as being the country of the Maccabees. See 1 Maccab. Josephus, Prideaux, &c.

*Newton.*

*l.* 242. *p.* 51. *(As he who seeking ass's found a kingdom,)]*

Saul, seeking his father's asses, came to Samuel, and by him was anointed king. 1 Sam. ix.

*Newton.*

*l.* 284. *p.* 52. ————— *Persepolis,*

*His city,—]*

The city of Cyrus; if not built by him, yet by him made the capital city of the Persian Empire.

*Newton.*

*l.* 285. *p.* 52. ————— *Bactra there;—]*

The chief city of Bactriana a province of Persia, famous for its fruitfulness; mentioned by Virgil, GEORG. ii. 136.

*Newton.*

*l.* 286. *p.* 52. *Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,]*

Ancient historians speak of *Ecbatana*, the metropolis of Media, as a very large city. Herodotus compares it to Athens, L. i. C. 98; Strabo calls it a great city, *μεγαλη πολις*, L. ii; and Polybius, L. 10. says it greatly excelled other cities in riches and magnificence of buildings.

*Newton.*

*l.* 287. *p.* 52. *And Hecatompylos her hundred gates;—]*

The names signifies *a city with an hundred gates*; and so the capital

city of Parthia was called, 'Εκατομυλον το των Παρθυαιων βασιλειον. Strabo. L. xi. p. 514. Newton.

*l.* 288. *p.* 52. *Sufa by Choaspes,—*]

Sufa, the Shushan of the holy scriptures, and the royal seat of the kings of Persia, who resided here in the winter and at Ecbatana in the summer, was situated on the river *Choaspes*, or *Eulæus*, or *Ulai* as it is called in Daniel; or rather on the confluence of these two rivers, which meeting at Sufa form one great river, sometimes called by one name, and sometimes by the other. Newton.

Dionysius describes the Choaspes flowing by Sufa,

— παρα τε ρειων χθονα Συσων.

1074.

*l.* 288. *p.* 52. ————— *amber stream,*]

Thus in the PARADISE LOST, iii. 358.

And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her AMBER STREAM;—

where Bp. Newton observes that the clearness of amber was proverbial with the ancients, and cites

———— ΑΔΕΚΤΡΙΝΟΝ υδαρ.

Callimach. HYMN AD CER. 29.

And Virgil. GEORG. iii. 522.

———— non qui per saxa volutus

PURIOR ELECTRO campum petit amnis:—

Sabrina the River-Goddes, in COMUS, is addressed, Ver. 863, as having

———— AMBER-DROPPING hair;

where Mr. Warton observes that her hair *drops amber*, because, in the poet's idea, her stream was supposed to be transparent.

*l.* 289. *p.* 52. *The drink of none but kings;—*]

It may be granted, and it is not at all improbable, that none besides the king might drink of that water of *Choaspes*, which was boiled and barreled up for his use in his military expeditions. Solinus indeed, who is a frivolous writer, says "*Choaspes ita dulcis est, ut Persici reges quamdiu intra ripas Persidis fluit solis sibi ex eo pocula vindicarint.*" Milton therefore, considered as a poet, with whose purpose the fabulous suited best, is by no means to be blamed for what he has advanced; as even the authority of Solinus is sufficient to justify him. Fortin.

*l. 289. p. 52. ————— of later fame,  
Built by Emathian, or by Parthian hands,  
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
Artaxata, Tere don, Ctesiphon,]*

Cities of later date, *built by Emathian hands*, that is, Macedonian; by the successors of Alexander in Asia. *The great Seleucia*, built near the river Tigris by Seleucus Nicator, one of Alexander's captains, and called *great* to distinguish it from others of the same name; *Nisibis*, another city upon the Tigris, called also Antiocha, *Antiochia quam Nisibin vocant*. Plin. vi. 16. *Artaxata*, the chief city of Armenia, seated upon the river Araxes, *juxta Araxem Artaxate*. Plin. vi. 10. *Tere don*, a city near the Persian bay, below the confluence of Euphrates and Tigris, *Tere don infra confluentem Euphratis et Tigris*. Plin. vi. 28. *Ctesiphon*, near Seleucia, the winter residence of the Parthian kings, Strabo. L. xvi. p. 743. Newton.

*l. 292. p. 52. Artaxata—]*

Strabo, L. xi. p. 528. says that Artaxata was built by Hannibal, for Artaxas; who, after being general to Antiochus the Great, became king of Armenia.

*l. 294. p. 52. All these the Parthian, now some ages past  
By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
That empire, under his dominion holds,  
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.]*

*All these* cities, which before belonged to the Seleucidæ or Syro-Macedonian princes, sometimes called *kings of Antioch*, from their usual place of residence, were now under the dominion of the Parthians, whose empire was founded by *Arsaces*, who revolted from Antiochus Theus, according to Prideaux, two hundred and fifty years before Christ. This view of the Parthian empire is much more agreeably and poetically described than Adam's prospect of the kingdoms of the world from the mount of vision in the Paradise Lost, xi. 385—411: but still the anachronism in this is worse than in the other: in the former Adam is supposed to take a view of cities many years before they were built, and in the latter our Saviour beholds cities, as Nineveh, Babylon, &c. in this flourishing condition many years after they were laid in ruins; but it was the design of the former vision to

exhibit what was future, it was not the design of the latter to exhibit what was past. *Newton.*

*l. 298. p. 53. And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
Of his great power; &c.—]*

Milton, considering very probably that a geographic description of kingdoms, however varied in the manner of expression and diversified with little circumstances, must soon grow tedious, has very judiciously thrown in this digressive picture of an army mustering for an expedition, which he has executed in a very masterly manner. The same conduct he has observed in the subsequent description of the Roman empire, by introducing into the scene prætors and proconsuls marching out to their provinces with troops, liçtors, rods, and other ensigns of power, and ambassadors making their entrance into that imperial city from all parts of the world. There is great art and design in this contrivance of our Author's, and the more as there is no appearance of any, so naturally are the parts connected. *Thyer.*

*l. 315. p. 53. Of many provinces from bound to bound;—]*

He had before mentioned the principal cities of the Parthians, and he now recounts several of their provinces. *Newton.*

*l. 316. p. 53. Arachofia,—]*

This was one of the largest provinces of the Parthian Empire, and, as Bp. Newton observes, is described by Strabo extending to the river Indus, *μεχρι τῆς Ἰνδοῦ ποταμοῦ τεταμενη*. L. xi. p. 516.

*l. 316. p. 53. ————— Candaoor—]*

In the Edition of 1680 it is written *Gandaor*. Pliny, describing this country, speaks of the *Gandari*, L. vi. 16. where Father Harduin would read *Candari*, and says, (as Bp. Newton observes,) that they are different from the *Gandari*. Pomponius Mela notices the same people, L. i. C. 2. where the commentators are divided between the readings of *Candari* or *Gandari*. Vossius, in a note on the place, clearly shows they were a different people from the Indian *Gandari*, and that they were the *Candari* of Ptolemy, and the people meant by Pliny, in the passage already referred to.—These provinces lay eastward. *Candahar*, or *Kandahar*, is the modern name of *Arachofia*.

*l.* 317. *p.* 53. — *Margiana to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales,*]

Margiana and Hyrcania lay northward of Arachosia towards the Caspian Sea. Margiana is mentioned by Pliny, L. vi. 16.—The Hyrcanian “cliffs of Caucasus” and “the Iberian dales” are joined together by Strabo, who says, that the highest part of the Caucasus bordered on Albania, Iberia, and Colchis.—*τα μεν ουν ὑψηλοτατα τῷ οὐτῶς καυκασῶ τα νοτιωτατα εστι, τα προς Αλβανια και Ιβηρια και Κολχους.* L. xi. p. 506.—The Iberian dales are termed dark, as the country abounded in forests. Tacitus describes the Iberians “*faltuosos*” ANNAL. vi. 34.

*l.* 319. *p.* 53. *From Atropatia and the neighb'ring plains,  
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.*]

This description of the Parthian provinces moves nearly in a circle. It begins with Arachosia east; then advances northward to Margiana; and from thence, turning westward, proceeds to Hyrcania, Iberia, and the Atropatian or northern division of Media. Here it turns again southward, and carries us to Adiabene, or the western part of Babylonia, which, as Br. Newton observes, Strabo (L. xvi. p. 745,) describes as a *plain country*, *της μεν εν Αδιαβηνης ἡ πλειση πεδιας εστι*; then, passing through part of Media, it concludes with Susiana, which extended southward to the Persian Gulph, called *Balsara's haven*, from the Port of Balsara, Bassorah, or Bussorah.

*l.* 333. *p.* 54. ————— or *overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;*]

Alluding probably to Æschylus's description of Xerxes's bridge over the Hellespont. PERSÆ, 71.

Πολυγομφον ὀδισμα

Ζυγον αμφιβαλων αυχενι ποντη.

*Thyer.*

*l.* 337. *p.* 54. *Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican with all his northern powers  
Besieg'd Albracca, &c.—]*

What Milton here alludes to is related in Boiardo's Orlando Innamorato, L. i. Cant. 10. The number of forces said to be there assembled is incredible, and extravagant even beyond the common

extravagancy of romances. Agrican the Tartar king brings into the field no less than two millions two hundred thousand ;

Ventidua centinaia di migliara  
Di caualier hauea quel Rè nel campo,  
Cosa non mai udità——

and Sacripante the king of Circassia, who comes to the assistance of Gallaphrone, three hundred and eighty-two thousand. It must be acknowledged, I think, by the greatest admirers of Milton, that the impression which romances had made upon his imagination in his youth, has in this place led him into a blameable excess. Not to mention the notorious fabuloufness of the fact alluded to, which I doubt some people will censure in a poem of so grave a turn, the number of the troops of Agrican, &c. is by far too much disproportioned to any army, which the Parthian king by an historical evidence could be supposed to bring into the field. Thyer.

*l. 341. p. 54. The fairest of her sex Angelica,]*

This is that Angelica who afterwards made her appearance in the same character in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, which was intended as a continuation of the story, which Boiardo had begun. As Milton fetches his simile from a romance, he adopts the terms used by these writers, viz. *prowest* and *Paynim*. Thyer.

*l. 374. p. 55. ————— those ten tribes  
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,  
In Habor, and among the Medes dispers'd ;]*

These were the ten tribes, whom Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, carried captive into Assyria, and put them in Halab and in Habor by the river of Gozan, and in the cities of the Medes. 2 Kings, xviii. 11. which cities were now under the dominion of the Parthians.

Newton.

*l. 428. p. 57. Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreform'd,  
Headlong would follow ; and to their Gods perhaps  
Of Bethel and of Dan ?—]*

There is some difficulty and obscurity in this passage ; and several conjectures and emendations have been offered to clear it but none, I think, entirely to satisfaction. Mr. Sympson would read *Headlong*

would fall off, and &c. or Headlong would fall, &c. But Mr. Calton seems to come nearer the poet's meaning. Whom or what would they follow, says he? There wants an accusative case; and what must be understood to complete the sense can never be accounted for by an ellipsis, that any rules or use of language will justify. He therefore suspects by some accident a whole line may have been lost; and proposes one, which he says may serve at least for a commentary to explain the sense, if it cannot be allowed for an emendation.

*Their fathers in their old iniquities*

Headlong would follow, &c. —

Or is not the construction thus, *Headlong would follow as to their ancient patrimony, and to their Gods perhaps, &c. ?* *Newton.*

## BOOK IV.

*l. 27. p. 62. Another plain, &c.—]*

The learned reader need not be informed that the country here meant is Italy, which indeed is long but not broad, and is washed by the Mediterranean on the south, and screened by the Alps on the north, and divided in the midst by the river Tiber. *Newton.*

*l. 66. p. 63. ————— turms of horse—]*

Troops of horse; as Bp. Newton observes, from the Latin, *turma*. Virg. *ÆN.* v. 560.

————— equitum TURMÆ, ———

*l. 68. p. 63. ————— on the Appian road,*

*Or on the Emilian,—]*

The Appian road from Rome led towards the south of Italy, and the Emilian towards the north. The nations on the Appian road are included in ver. 69—76, those on the Emilian in ver. 77—79.

*Newton.*



l. 69. p. 63. ————— from farthest south,

*Syene, and where the shadow both way falls, &c.—]*

He first mentions places in *Africa*; *Syene*, a city of Egypt on the confines of Ethiopia; Ditionis Ægypti esse incipit a fine Æthiopiæ Syene; Plin. Lib. v. Sect. 9; *Meroe*, an island and city of Ethiopia, in the river Nile, therefore called *Nilotic isle, where the shadow both way falls*; Rurfus in Meroe, (insula hæc caputque gentis Æthiopum—in amne Nilo habitatur,) bis anno absumi umbras; Plin. Lib. ii. Sect. 73; *the realm of Bocchus*, Mauritania. Then *Asian* nations; among these *the golden Chersonese*, Malacca the most southern promontory of the East Indies, (see Paradise Lost, xi. 392; and utmost Indian isle *Taprobane*, wherefore Pliny says it is “extra orbem a natura relegata;” Lib. vi. Sect. 22. Then the *Europæan* nations as far as to *the Tauric pool*, that is the palus Mæotis; “Lacus ipse “Mæotis, Tanain amnem ex Riphæis montibus defluentem accipiens, “novissimum inter Europam Asiamque finem, &c.” Plin. Lib. iv. Sect. 12. Newton.

l. 115. p. 65. *On citron tables or Atlantic stone,]*

Tables made of *citron* wood were in such request among the Romans, that Pliny calls it *menfarum insania*. They were beautifully veined and spotted. See his account of them, Lib. xiii. Sect. 29. I do not find that the *Atlantic stone* or marble was so celebrated: the *Numidicus lapis* and *Numidicum marmor* are often mentioned in Roman authors. Newton.

l. 145. p. 66. *Or could of inward slaves make outward free?]*

This noble sentiment Milton explains more fully, and expresses more diffusively, in his *PARADISE LOST*, xii. 90.

— therefore since he permits

Within himself unworthy pow'rs to reign

Over free reason, God in judgment just

Subjects him from without to violent lords; &c.

So also again, in his xiith Sonnet,

Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty;

FOR WHO LOVES THAT, MUST FIRST BE WISE AND GOOD.

No one had ever more refined notions of true liberty than Milton.

Thyer.

*l. 230. p. 68. Ruling them by persuasion as thou mean'st.]*

Alluding to those charming lines, *i. 221.*

Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

And make persuasion do the work of fear. *Newton.*

*l. 239. p. 69. ————— pure the air, and light the soil;]*

Attica being a mountainous country, the soil was light, and the air sharp and pure; and therefore said to be productive of sharp wits.

———*ΤΗΝ ΕΥΚΡΑΣΙΑΝ ΤΑΝ ΟΡΑΝ ΕΝ ΑΥΤῳ ΚΑΤΙΘΥΣΑ, ὅτι φρονιμωτάτης ἀνδρας οἰσει.* Plato in *Τιμᾶο.* *p. 24. Vol. 3. Ed. Serr.*——“*Athenis tenuē cœlum, ex quo acutiores etiam putantur Attici.*”——Cicero, *DE FATO, 4.* *Newton.*

*l. 244. p. 69. ————— the olive grove of Academe,]*

The Academy is always described as a woody, shady, place. Diogenes Laertius calls it *προασειον ΑΛΣΩΔΕΣ*; and Horace speaks of the *SYLVAS Academi*, 2 *Epist. ii. 45.* But Milton distinguishes it by the particular name of *the olive grove of Academe*, because the olive was particularly cultivated about Athens, being sacred to Minerva the goddess of the city: he has besides the express authority of Aristophanes, *NUB. 1001.*

*Αλλ' εἰς Ακαδημῖαν κατιῶν, ὑπο ταῖς μορῖαις ἀποθρῆξις.*

*Sed in Academiam descendens sub sacris olivis spatiaberis.*

*Newton.*

This whole description of the Academe is infinitely charming. Bp. Newton has justly observed that “Plato’s Academy was never more beautifully described.” “Cicero,” he adds, “who has laid the scene of one of his dialogues (*De Fin. l. v.*) there, and who had been himself on the spot, has not painted it in more lively colours.”

*l. 245. p. 69. ————— where the Attic bird*

*Trills her thick-warbled notes &c.—]*

Philomela, who according to the fables, was changed into a nightingale, was the daughter of Pandion king of Athens. Hence the nightingale is called *Atthis* in Latin, quasi *Attica avis*; thus Martial, *L. i. Ep. 54.*

*Sic ubi multifonâ fervet facer ATTHIDE lucus, &c. Newton.*

*l. 247. p. 69. There flow'ry hill Hymettus with the sound  
Of bees industrious murmur oft invites  
To studious musing ;—]*

Valerius Flaccus calls it *Florea juga Hymetti*, Argonaut. V. 344; and the honey was so much esteemed and celebrated by the ancients, that it was reckoned the best of the Attic honey, as the Attic honey was said to be the best in the world. The poets often speak of the murmur of the bees as inviting to sleep, Virg. Ecl. i. 56.

*Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire fufurro :*

but Milton gives a more elegant turn to it, and says that it *invites to studious musing*, which was more proper indeed for his purpose, as he is here describing the Attic learning. *Newton.*

*l. 249. p. 69. ————— Iffus—]*

Mr. Calton and Mr. Thyer have observed with me, that Plato hath laid the scene of his Phædrus on the banks, and at the spring, of this pleasant river.—*χαριεῖντα γυν και καθαρα και διαφανη τα ἕδατια φαινεται.* “Nonne hinc aquulæ puræ ac pellucidæ jocundo murmure confluunt?” Ed. Serr. Vol. iii. p. 229. The philosophical retreat at the spring-head is beautifully described by Plato, in the next page, where Socrates and Phædrus are represented sitting on a green bank, shaded with a spreading platane, of which Cicero hath said very prettily, that it seemeth not to have grown so much by the water which is described, as by Plato’s eloquence; “quæ mihi videtur non tam ipsa aquula, quæ describitur, quam Platonis oratione crevisse.” De Orat. i. 7. *Newton.*

*l. 253. p. 69. Lyceum there,—]*

The *Lyceum* was the school of Aristotle, who had been tutor to Alexander the Great, and was the founder of the sect of the Peripatetics, so called, *απο τῆ περιπατεῖν*, from his *walking*, and teaching philosophy. But there is some reason to question, whether the *Lyceum* was *within the walls*, as Milton asserts. For Suidas says expressly, that it was a place in the suburbs, built by Pericles for the exercising of soldiers: and I find the scholiast upon Aristophanes in the Irene, speaks of going into the Lyceum, and going out of it again, and *returning back into the city*:—*εις το Δυκειον εισιόντες— και παλιν εξιόντες εκ τῆ Δυκειῶ, και απιόντες εις την πολιν.* *Newton.*

*l.* 253. *p.* 69. ————— *painted Stoa*—]

*Stoa* was the school of Zeno, whose disciples from the place had the name of Stoics; and this *Stoa*, or portico, being adorned with variety of paintings, was called in Greek Ποικιλη, or *various*, and here by Milton the *painted Stoa*. See Diogenes Laertius, in the lives of Aristotle and Zeno. Newton.

*l.* 257. *p.* 69. *Æolian charms*,—]

*Æolia carmina*, verses such as those of Alcæus and Sappho, who were both of Mitylene in Lesbos, an island belonging to the Æolians.

Princeps ÆOLIUM CARMEN ad Italos

Deduxisse modos, ————— HOR. L. iii. ODE XXX. 13.

Fingent ÆOLIO CARMINE nobilem, ————— IBID. L. iv. ODE iii. 12.

Newton.

Our English word *charm* is derived from *carmen*; as are *inchant*, and *incantation*, from *canto*.

*l.* 257. *p.* 69. ————— *Dorian Lyric odes*,]

Such as those of Pindar; who calls his lyre Δωριαν φορμιγγα. OLYMP. i. 26, &c. Newton.

*l.* 258. *p.* 69. *And his who gave them breath, &c.*—]

Our Author agrees with those writers, who speak of Homer as the father of all kinds of poetry. Dionysius the Halicarnassian, and Plutarch, have attempted to show that poetry in all its forms, tragedy, comedy, ode, and epitaph, are included in his works. Newton.

*l.* 259. *p.* 69. *Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd*,]

Our Author here follows Herodotus, in his life of Homer, where it is said that he was born near the river Meles, and that from thence his mother named him at first Melesigenes,—τιθεται ονομα τῷ παιδι Μελεσιγενεα, απο τῆς ποταμῆς τῆς ἐπωνυμίας λαβουσα,—and that afterwards when he was blind and settled at Cuma, he was called *Homer*, quasi ὁ μὴ ὁρων, from the term by which the Cumæans distinguished blind persons;—εντευθεν δε και τῆνομα Ὅμηρος ἐπεκρατησε τῷ Μελεσιγενεῖ, απο τῆς συμφορῆς. οἱ γὰρ Κυμαιοὶ τοὺς τυφλοὺς ἱμηρος λεγουσιν. Newton.

*l.* 262. *p.* 69. ————— *Chorus or Iambic*,—]

The two constituent parts of the ancient tragedy were the dialogue, written chiefly in the IAMBIC measure, and the CHORUS, which con-

sisted of various measures.—The character here given by our author of the ancient tragedy, is very just and noble; and the English reader cannot form a better idea of it in its highest beauty and perfection, than by reading our author's SAMSON AGONISTES. *Newton.*

*l. 267. p. 70. Thence to the famous orators repair, &c.—]*

How happily does Milton's versification in this, and the following lines, concerning the Socratic philosophy, express what he is describing! In the first we feel, as it were the nervous rapid eloquence of Demosthenes, and the latter have all the gentleness and softness of the humble modest character of Socrates. *Thyer.*

*l. 268. p. 70. ————— whose resplendent eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,]*

————— ΠΕΡΙΚΛΗΣ ΟΥΛΥΜΠΙΟΣ

ΗΣΤΡΑΙΤΕΝ, ΕΒΡΟΝΤΑ, ΕΥΝΕΚΥΚΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΛΛΑΔΑ.

523.

*l. 271. p. 70. To Macedon and Artaxerxes throne:]*

As Pericles and others *fulmin'd over Greece to Artaxerxes throne* against the Persian king, so Demosthenes was the orator particularly, who *fulmin'd over Greece to Macedon* against king Philip, in his Oration, therefore denominated Philippic. *Newton.*

*l. 276. p. 70. ————— from whose mouth issu'd forth  
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools  
Of Academics &c.—]*

Thus Quintilian calls Socrates *font philosophorum*. L. i. C. 10. As the ancients looked upon Homer to be the father of poetry, so they esteemed Socrates the father of moral philosophy.

*l. 285. p. 70. To whom our Saviour sagely thus reply'd.]*

This answer of our Saviour is as much to be admired for solid reasoning, and the many sublime truths contained in it, as the preceding speech of Satan is for that fine vein of poetry which runs through it: and one may observe in general, that Milton has quite throughout this work thrown the ornaments of poetry on the side of error, whether it was that he thought great truths best expressed in a grave, unaffected style, or intended to suggest this fine moral to the reader, that simple naked truth will always be an over-match for falsehood,

though recommended by the gayest rhetoric, and adorned with the most bewitching colours.

*Thyer.*

*l. 288. p. 70. ————— he who receives*

*Light from above, from the fountain of light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;]*

*St. James, C. i. V. 17. Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and COMETH DOWN FROM THE FATHER OF LIGHTS;* which refers to what the apostle had said in the 5th verse of the same chapter; *If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, &c.*

*l. 296. p. 70. A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;]*

These were the Sceptics or Pyrrhonians, the disciples of Pyrrho, who asserted nothing to be either honest or dishonest, just or unjust; that men do all things by law and custom; and that in every thing *this* is not preferable to *that*. This was called the Sceptic philosophy from its continual inspection, and never finding; and Pyrrhonian from Pyrrho. (See Stanley's Life of Pyrrho, who takes this account from Diogenes Laertius.)

*Newton.*

*l. 297. p. 70. Others in virtue plac'd felicity,*

*But virtue join'd with riches and long life;]*

These were the old Academics, and the Peripatetics the scholars of Aristotle.

*l. 299. p. 70. In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;]*

EPICURUS. The HE is here contemptuously emphatical.

*l. 341. p. 72. ————— personating]*

This is in the Latin sense of *persono*, to celebrate loudly, to publish or proclaim.

*l. 354. p. 72. ————— statists—]*

Or statesmen. A word in more frequent use formerly, as in Shakspeare, CYMBELINE, Act II. Sc. 5.

————— I do believe,

(STATIST though I am none, nor like to be!)

and HAMLET, Act V. Sc. 3.

I once did hold it, as our STATISTS do, &c.

*Newton.*

*l. 421. p. 75. Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round*

*Environ'd thee, some howl'd, some yell'd, &c.—]*

With that, methought, A LEGION OF FOUL FIENDS  
 ENVIRON'D ME, AND HOWLED IN MINE EARS  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
 I trembling wak'd; and for a season after  
 Could not believe but that I was in Hell:  
 Such terrible impressiion made my dream.

K. RICHARD III. ACT I. SC. 5.

*l. 427. p. 75. ————— with pilgrim steps—]*

With the slow solemn pace of a pilgrim on a journey of devotion.

*Newton.*

*l. 427. p. 75. ————— amice gray,]*

*Amice gray* is gray clothing. *Amice*, a significant word, is derived from the Latin *amicio*, to clothe: and is used by Spenser, FAERY QUEEN, Book I. C. iv. St. 18.

Array'd in habit black, and AMICE THIN,

Like to an holy monk the service to begin.

*Newton.*

*l. 428. p. 75. Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar*

*Of thunder, chac'd the clouds, and laid the winds, &c.]*

This is an imitation of a passage in the first Æneid of Virgil, where Neptune is represented with his trident laying the storm which Æolus had raised. ver. 142.

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida æquora placat,

COLLECTASQUE FUGAT NUBES, solemque reducit.

There is the greater beauty in the English poet, as the scene he is describing under this charming figure is perfectly consistent with the course of nature; nothing being more common than to see a stormy night succeeded by a pleasant, serene morning.

*Thyer.*

*l. 430. p. 75. And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had rais'd,]*

So when the sun in bed,

Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,

The flocking shadows pale,

Troop to the infernal jail,

Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,

And the yellow-skirted Fayes  
Fly after the night feeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

This popular superstition, respecting the evanescence of spirits at the crowing of the cock, Shakspeare, as Mr. Warton observes, has finely availed himself of in his *HAMLET*, where the Ghost vanishes at this circumstance.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, say they, no spirit dares walk abroad;  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, no witch has power to charm;  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

The supposed effect of day-break, in this respect, is also described very poetically by the same great master in his *MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM*, Act. III. Scene *the last*.

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;  
At whose approach ghosts wandering here and there  
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,  
That in crossways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone.

Thus also Cowley, in his *HYMN TO LIGHT*, Stanz. 10.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright, &c.

And Stanz. 17.

The ghosts, and monster spirits, that did presume  
A body's privilege to assume,  
Vanish again invisibly.—

But perhaps no poet has more happily availed himself of this old superstition, or has introduced it more poetically than the late Mr. Gray, in his *PROGRESS OF POETRY*, where the relief, which the Muse affords to the real and imaginary ills of life, is compared to the day dispelling the gloom and terrors of the night.



Night, and all her sickly dews,  
 Her SPECTRES WAN, and birds of boding cry,  
 He gives to range the dreary sky;  
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar  
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

STANZA ii. 1.—

*Dunster.*

*l. 432. p. 75. And now the sun with more effectual beams  
 Had cheer'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet  
 From drooping plant, or dropping tree; the birds,  
 Who all things now behold more fresh and green  
 After a night of storm so ruinous,  
 Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
 To gratulate the sweet return of morn.]*

There is in this description all the bloom of Milton's youthful fancy. We may compare an evening scene of the same kind, PARADISE LOST, ii. 488.

As, when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
 Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'erspread  
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element  
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow or shower;  
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley ring.

*Thyer.*

*l. 454. p. 76. ————— these flaws,—] (From Flo.)*

*Flaw* is a sea term for a sudden storm, or gust of wind.

In the PARADISE LOST, among the changes produced in the natural world are violent storms, which are described

— arm'd with ice,

And snow and hail, and STORMY GUST AND FLAW;

x. 697.

where Bp. Newton cites two verses from Shakspeare's VENUS and ADONIS;

Like a red morn that ever yet betoken'd  
 GUST, and foul FLAWS to herdsmen and to herds.

*l. 455. p. 76. As dangerous to the pillar'd frame of Heaven,]*

So also, *COMUS*, 597;

— if this fail,

The *PILLAR'D FIRMAMENT* is rottenness.

In both, no doubt, alluding to *Job*, xxvi. ii. *The PILLARS OF HEAVEN tremble, and are astonish'd at his reproof.* *Thyer.*

*l. 541. p. 78. ————— without wing*

*Of hippogrif—]*

An *hippogrif* is an imaginary creature, part like an horse, and part like a gryphon.

Ariosto frequently makes use of this creature to convey his heroes from place to place. *Newton.*

*l. 564. p. 79. ————— in Irrassa—]*

*Irrassa* is a place in Lybia, mentioned by Herodotus.

*l. 572. p. 79. And as that Theban monster, &c.—]*

The Sphinx, who, on her riddle being solved by *Ædipus*, threw herself into the sea. *Statius*, *THEB.* i. 66.

— Si Sphingos iniquæ

*Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi.* *Newton.*

*l. 572. p. 79. ——— that Theban monster that propos'd*

*Her riddle, and him, who solved it not, devour'd,*

*That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spite*

*Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep;]*

*Ismenian steep*, from the river *Ismenus*, which ran by Thebes;

• γὰρ Ἀσωπὸς, καὶ Ὁ ἸΣΜΗΝΟΣ διὰ τῆς πεδίου ἔρυσσι τῆς πρὸ τῶν Θηβῶν.  
*Strabo.* ix. p. 408.—*Ismenus* is thus frequently used by the Latin poets for *Theban*.

*l. 581. p. 80. ————— and strait a fiery globe*

*Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,*

*Who on their plummy vans &c.—]*

There is a peculiar softness and delicacy in this description, and neither circumstances nor words could be better selected to give the reader an idea of the easy and gentle descent of our Saviour, and to take from the imagination that horror and uneasiness which it is naturally filled with in contemplating the dangerous and uneasy situation he was left in. *Thyer.*

So Psyche was carried down from the rock by zephyrs, and laid lightly on a green and flowery bank, and there entertained with invisible music. See Apuleius, Lib. iv. Richardson.

Mr. Richardson might have added that Psyche was also entertained with a banquet ministered by Spirits. The passages from Apuleius, (at the end of the FOURTH Book of the METAMORPHOSES, and the beginning of the FIFTH,) are well worth citing.

“Psychem autem paventem ac trepidam, et in ipso scopuli vertice  
“deflentem, mitis aura molliter spirantis Zephyri, vibratis hinc inde  
“laciniis et reflato sinu sensim levatam, suo tranquillo spiritu vehens  
“paulatim per devexa rupis excelsæ, vallis subditæ florentis cespitis  
“gremio leniter delapsam reclinat.”

—“Et illico vini nectarei eduliorumque variorum fercula copiosa,  
“nullo ferviente, sed tantum spiritu quodam impulsa, subministran-  
“tur. Nec quemquam tamen illa videre poterat, sed verba tantum  
“audiebat excidentia et solas voces famulas habebat. Post opimas  
“dapes quidam intro cessit, et cantavit invisus; et alius citharam  
“pulsavit, quæ non videbatur, nec ipse. Tunc modulatæ multitu-  
“dinis conferta vox aures ejus affertur; ut quamvis hominum nemo  
“pareret, chorum tamen esse pateret.” Dunster.

*l. 596. p. 80. True image of the Father, &c.—]*

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii.

All the poems that ever were written must yield, even PARADISE LOST must yield, to the REGAINED in the grandeur of its close. Christ stands triumphant on the pointed eminence. The Demon falls with amazement and terrour, on this full proof of his being that very Son of God, whose thunder forced him out of Heaven. The blessed Angels receive new knowledge. They behold a sublime truth established, which was a secret to them at the beginning of the Temptation; and the great discovery gives a proper opening to their hymn on the victory of Christ, and the defeat of the Tempter. Calton.

*l. 605. p. 81. Thou didst rebel,—]*

*i. e. Subdue in Battle.*

Virgil, ÆN. vi. 853;

———— DEBELLARE superbos.

And Ibid, v. 730;

—— gens dura atque aspera cultu

DEBELLANDA tibi Latio est;——

*l. 624. p. 81. ————— Abaddon—]*

The name of the Angel of the bottomless pit, Rev. ix. 11; here applied to the bottomless pit itself. *Newton.*

THE END.

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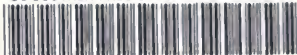


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